



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





1

V. 57-

1. 112



V.57-











THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

Vol. I. Vol. II. Vol. III.

If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the Stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There, patient, shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and oh! too high
The price for knowledge taught us how to die! TICKELL.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

&c. &c. &c.

If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There, patient, shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die! TICKELL.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.



248

Scotcher Family

THE LIFE OF

4-29-32

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THIS elegant writer, to whom the world owes so many obligations, was born at Milston, near Ambrosbury, in the county of Wilts, (of which place his father, Mr. Lancelot Addison, was then Rector) on the 6th of May 1672, and being not thought likely to live, was baptized on the same day, as appears from the church register. When he grew up to an age fit for going to school, he was put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Naish at Ambrosbury. He afterwards removed to a school at Salisbury, taught by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, thence to the Charter-house, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr. Ellis, and where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued as long as Mr. Addison lived. He was not above fifteen years old when he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, in which his father had been placed, where he applied himself so closely to the study of classical learning, that in a very short time he became master of a very elegant Latin style, even before he arrived at that age when ordinary scholars begin to write good English.

In the year 1687 a copy of his verses in that tongue fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen College, who was so pleased with them that he immediately procured their Author's election into

shed a copy of verses addressed to Mr. Dryden soon procured him the notice of some of the great judges in that age. The verses are not without their elegance; but if they are much removed from common rhymes, they fall infinitely short of the character Mr. Addison's friends bestowed upon them. Some little space intervening, he sent into the world a translation of the Fourth Georgick of Virgil, which we need not say any more than that it was recommended by Mr. Dryden. He wrote also that he was on the Georgicks prefixed to them by way of introduction in Mr. Dryden's translation, and chose to withhold his name from that judicious composition, because it contained an untried strain of criticism, which bore hard upon the old professors of that art, and therefore was not so fit for a young man to try upon himself; and Mr. Dryden, who was above the pretence of fathering any one's work, owns the *Essays on Criticism* to have come from a friend, which is not mentioned, because he desired to be concealed.

* Tickell's Preface to Addison's Works.

The next year Mr. Addison wrote several poems of different kinds, amongst the rest one addressed to Henry Sacheverell, who became afterwards so exceedingly famous. The following year he wrote a poem to King William on one of his campaigns, addressed to the Lord Keeper, Sir John Somers. That excellent statesman received this mark of a young author's attachment with great humanity, admitted Mr. Addison into the number of his friends, and gave him on all occasions distinguishing proofs of a sincere esteem*.

While he was at the University he had been pressingly solicited to enter into holy orders, which he seemed once resolved on, probably in obedience to his father's authority; but being conscious of the importance of the undertaking, and deterred by his extreme modesty, he relinquished, says Mr. Tickell, all views that way; but Sir Richard Steele, in his letter to Mr. Congreve, prefixed to *The Drummer*, who had a quarrel with Tickell on account of an injurious treatment of him, says that those were not the reasons which made Mr. Addison turn his thoughts to the civil world; "and as you were the inducement, (says he) of his becoming acquainted with my Lord Halifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble lord made to the head of the college not to insist on Mr. Addison's going into orders; his arguments were founded on the gene-

* Tickell's Preface.

ment he meant was, that these books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country which possessed the Roman genius in so eminent a degree." In 1701 Mr. Addison wrote an Epistolary poem from Italy to Lord Halifax, which is much admired as a finished piece in its kind, and indeed some have pronounced it the best of Mr. Addison's performances: it was translated by the Abbot Antonio Mario Salvini, Greek Professor at Florence, into Italian verse, which translation is printed with the original in this edition of Mr. Addison's works. This poem is in the highest esteem in Italy, because there are in it the best turned compliments on that country that, perhaps, are to be found any where; and the Italians, on account of their familiarity with the objects it describes, must have a higher relish of it. This poem likewise shews his gratitude to Lord Halifax, who had been that year impeached by the Commons in parliament, for procuring exorbitant grants from the crown to his own use; and further charged with cutting down and wasting the timber in his Majesty's forests, and withholding several offices in his Majesty's Exchequer that were inconsistent, and designed as checks upon each other. The Commons had likewise addressed the King to remove him from his councils and presence for ever. These were the causes of his retiring, and Mr. Addison's address at this time was

ance of his fidelity and steadfastness to his

turn to England he published an account
ils, dedicated to Lord Somers: he would
ed earlier than he did, had not he been
as a proper person to attend Prince Eu-
ien commanded for the Emperour in Italy;
oyment would much have pleased him;
h of King William intervening caused a
his pension and his hopes.

considerable space of time he remained at
as his friends were out of the ministry, he
rtunity to display his abilities, or to meet
t reward for the honour his works had
e his country. He owed both to an acci-
ic year 1704 Lord Treasurer Godolphin
o complain to the Lord Halifax that the
arlborough's victory at Blenheim had not
sted in verse in the manner it deserved
n that he would take it kind if his L
as the patron of the poets, would
o capable of writing upon so ele
rd Halifax replied, with some qu
well acquainted with such a po
ld not name him; and observ
en, with indignation, men of
tained in pomp and luxury a
ck, while persons of too m

LIFE OF ADDISON.

with great abilities, languished in a
'Treasurer answered, very coolly, that his
Lordship had occasion to make such a
but that in the mean-time he would
nour, that whoever his Lordship should
venture upon this theme without fear
time. Lord Halifax thereupon named
but insisted the Treasurer should send
self, which he promised. Accordingly
upon Mr. Boyle, then Chancellor of the
to go, in his name, to Mr. Addison,
state to him the business, which he did
a manner, that he readily entered upon
The Lord Treasurer saw the poem be-
nished, when the Author had written
the celebrated simile of the Angel, and
pleased with it, that he immediately nomi-
nated him a Commissioner of Appeals in the room of Mr.
was promoted to be one of the Lords
for Trade, &c.

His poem entitled *The Campaign*
with loud and general applause: it
the Duke of Marlborough, and contain-
ed the military transactions in the year
very particular description of the two
Schellemburg and Blenheim,

In 1705 Mr. Addison attended the
to Hanover; and in the succeeding

* Budgel's Memoirs of the Boy

made choice of Sir Under Secretary to the Treasury, then appointed Secretary of State the month of December, in the same year, the Duke of Sunderland, who succeeded Sir Charles in the office, continued Mr. Addison in the post of Under Secretary.

Operas being now much in fashion, many of distinction and true taste importuned him to give a trial whether the English or the Italian pieces were really so incompatible as some persons thought. He was last prevailed upon to represent the last, and composed his Rosamond. This he presented to the Dutchess of Marlborough, who, with but indifferent success, looked upon it as not properly an opera; for, considering what numbers of miserable productions had borne that title, they were scarce satisfied that so superiour a piece should appear under the same denomination. About this time our Author assisted Sir Richard Steele in a play called The Tender Husband, to which he wrote a humorous prologue. Sir Richard, whose gratitude was as warm and ready as his wit, surprised him with a dedication, which may be considered as one of the few monuments of praise not unworthy the great person to whose honour it was raised.

In 1709 he went over to Ireland as Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Her Majesty also was pleased,

a mark of her peculiar favour, to augment the salary annexed to the Keeper of the Records in that nation, and bestow it upon him. While he was in Ireland his friend Sir Richard Steele published *The Tatler*, which appeared for the first time on the 12th of April 1709. Mr. Addison (says Tickell) discovered the author by an observation on Virgil he had communicated to him. This discovery led him to afford farther assistance, insomuch that, as the author of *The Tatler* well expressed it, he fared by this means like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; that is, he was undone by his auxiliary.

The superiority of Mr. Addison's papers in that work is universally admitted; and being more at leisure upon the change of the ministry, he continued assisting in *The Tatler* till 1711, when it was dropt.

No sooner was the *Tatler* laid down, but Sir Richard Steele, in concert with Mr. Addison, formed the plan of *The Spectator*. The first paper appeared on the first of March 1711, and in the course of that great work Mr. Addison furnished all the papers marked with any letters of the *Muse Clio*, and which were generally most admired. Tickell, who had no kindness for Sir Richard Steele, meanly supposes that he marked his paper out of precaution against Sir Richard, which was an illnated insinuation; for in the conclusion of *The Spectator* he ac-

knowledges to Mr. Addison all he had a right to; and in his letter to Congreve he declares, that Addison's papers were marked by him out of tenderness to his friend, and a warm zeal for his fame. Steele was a generous grateful friend; it therefore ill became Mr. Tickell, in the defence of Mr. Addison's honour, which needed no such stratagem, to depreciate one of his dearest friends, and, at the expense of truth and his reputation, raise the character of his hero. Sir Richard had opposed Mr. Addison in the choice of Mr. Tickell as his Secretary, which it seems he could never forget nor forgive.

In *The Spectators* Sir Roger de Coverly was Mr. Addison's favourite character, and so tender was he of it, that he went to Sir Richard, upon his publishing a *Spectator* in which he made Sir Roger pick up a woman in the Temple cloisters, and would not part with his friend until he promised to meddle with the old knight's character no more. However Mr. Addison, to make sure, and to prevent any absurdities the writers of the subsequent *Spectators* might fall into, resolved to remove that character out of the way, or, as he pleasantly expressed it to an intimate friend, killed Sir Roger, that no body else might murder him. When the old *Spectator* was finished, a new one appeared; but though written by men of wit and genius, it did not succeed, and they were wise enough not to push the attempt too far. Poste-

rity must have a high idea of the taste and good sense of the British nation, when they are informed that twenty thousand of these papers were sometimes sold in a day *.

The Guardian, a paper of the same tendency, entertained the Town in the years 1713 and 1714, in which Mr. Addison had likewise a very large share: he also wrote two papers in The Lover.

In the year 1713 appeared his famous Cato. He entered into a design of writing a tragedy on that subject when he was very young, and when he was on his travels he actually wrote four acts of it: however, he retouched it on his return, without any design of bringing it on the stage; but some friends of his imagining it might be of service to the cause of liberty, he was prevailed upon to finish it for the theatre, which he accordingly did. When this play appeared it was received with boundless admiration; and, during the representation on the first night, on which its fate depended, it is said that Mr. Addison discovered uncommon timidity; he was agitated between hope and fear, and, while he remained retired in the Green-room, he kept a person continually going backwards and forwards from the stage to the place where he was, to inform him how it succeeded, and till the whole was over, and the success confirmed, he never ventured to move.

* Tickell's Preface.

B ij

When it was published it was recommended by many copies of verses prefixed to it, amongst which the sincerity of Mr. Steele, and the genius of Eusden, deserve to be distinguished: but as I would not omit any particulars relative to this renowned play, and its great Author, I shall insert a letter of Mr. Pope's to Sir William Trumbal, dated the 30th of April 1713, in which are some circumstances that merit commemoration.

"SIR,

"As to poetical affairs I am content at present to
 "be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an
 "admirer, which, as the world goes, is not very usual.
 "Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his
 "days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all
 "the foolish industry possible had been used to make
 "it thought a party play, yet what the Author once
 "said of another may the most properly in the world
 "be applied to him on this occasion;

"Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,

"And factions strive who shall applaud him most."

"The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the Tories on the other, while the Author sweated behind the scenes, with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case, too, with the Prologue writer, who was clapped into a stanch Whig

" at the end of every two lines. I believe you have
 " heard that, after all the applauses of the opposite
 " faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who
 " played Cato, into the box, between one of the
 " acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in ac-
 " knowledgment, as he expressed it, for defending
 " the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dic-
 " tator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced
 " this way, and therefore design a present to the same
 " Cato very speedily; in the mean-time they are get-
 " ting ready as good a sentence as the former on
 " their side; so betwixt them it is probable that Cato
 " (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to
 " live upon after he dies."

Immediately after the publication of this tragedy,
 there came abroad a pamphlet, entitled *Observations*
on Cato, written by the ingenious Dr. Sewel. The
 design of this piece was to shew that the applause this
 tragedy met with was founded on merit. It is a very
 accurate and entertaining criticism, and tends to se-
 cure the Poet the hearts of his readers as well as of
 his audience. Our Author was not, however, without
 enemies, amongst whom was Mr. Dennis, who at-
 tacked it first in a pamphlet, and then in a subsequent
 work, in which he employed seven letters in pulling
 it to pieces. In some of his remarks he is candid and
 judicious enough, in others he is trifling and ill-na-
 tured, and I think it is pretty plain he was an agitator.

by envy; for as the intent of that play was to promote the Whig interest, of which Mr. Dennis was a zealous abettor, he could not therefore disesteem it from party principles. Another gentleman, who called himself a Scholar at Oxford, considered the play in a very different light, and endeavoured to serve his party by turning the cannon upon the enemy. The title of *Cato* is, Mr. Addison turned Tory: it is a great spirit and vivacity. *Cato* was Spanish and into French by Mr. Boyer, but was translated likewise into Italian.

Voltaire has condemned Mr. Addison by turning it to *Cato*, he admires and censures it extremely. The principal character he allows superiour to any before brought upon the stage, but says that all the love-scenes are absolutely insipid; he might have added unnecessary, as to the plot; and the only reason that can be assigned for the Poet's introducing them was, the prevalence of custom: but it must be acknowledged that his lovers are the most sensible, and address each other in the best language that is to be found in any love-dialogues of the British stage: it will be difficult to find a more striking line, or more picturesque of a lover's passion, than this pathetick exclamation,

A lover does not live by vulgar time.

Queen Anne was not the last in doing justice to

our Author and his performance; she was pleased to signify an inclination of having it dedicated to her; but as he intended that compliment to another, it came into the world without any dedication. If, in the subsequent part of his life, his leisure had been greater, we are told he would probably have written another tragedy on the death of Socrates; but the honours accruing from what he had already performed, deprived posterity of that production. This subject was still drier, and less susceptible of poetical ornament than the former; but, in the hands of so great a writer, there is no doubt but genius would have supplied what was wanting in the real story, and have covered, by shining sentiments and noble language, the simplicity of the plot, and deficiency in business.

Upon the death of the Queen, the Lords Justices appointed Mr. Addison their secretary. This diverted him from the design he had formed of composing an English Dictionary upon the plan of a famous Italian one: that the world has much suffered by this promotion I am ready to believe, and cannot but regret that our language yet wants the assistance of so great a master in fixing its standard, settling its purity, and illustrating its copiousness or elegance.

In 1716 our Author married the Countess of Warwick, and about that time published *The Freeholder*, which is a kind of political Spectator. This work Mr. Addison conducted without any assistance, upon a

plan of his own forming; he did it in consequence of his principles, out of a desire to remove prejudice and contribute all he could to make his country happy; however, it produced his own promotion in 1704 to be one of the Principal Secretaries of State. His health, which had been before impaired by an asthmatic disorder, suffered exceedingly by an advancement so much to his honour, but attended with great fatigue. Finding that he was not able to manage so much business as his station led him to, he resigned, and in his leisure hours began a work of his religious nature, upon the Evidence of the Christian religion, which he lived not to finish. He likewise intended a Paraphrase on some of the Psalms of David; but a long and painful relapse broke all his designs, and deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments, June 17. 1719, when he was entered the 54th year of his age. He died at Holland-house near Kensington, and left behind him an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick.

After his decease Mr. Fickell, by the authority and direction of the Author, collected and published his Works in four volumes quarto. In this edition there are several pieces as yet unmentioned, which I shall here give account of in order. The first is A Dissertation upon Medals, which, though not published after his death, was begun in 1702, when he was at Vienna.

In 1707 there came abroad a pamphlet, under the title of *The Present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation, considered*. The Whig Examiner came out Septem. 14. 1710, for the first time: there were five papers in all attributed to Mr. Addison; these are by much the tartest things he ever wrote. Dr. Sacheverell, Mr. Prior, and many other persons, were severely treated. The Examiner had done the same thing on the part of the Tories, and the honest design of this paper was to make reprisals. In the year 1711 was published a little pamphlet, called *The Late Trial and Conviction of Count Turpin*, which was intended to expose the Tory ministry on the head of the French Commerce Bill: this is also a severe piece.

The following have likewise been ascribed to our Author:

Dissertatio de insignioribus Romanorum Poetis, i.e.
A Dissertation upon the most eminent Roman Poets.
This is supposed to have been written about 1692.

: A Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning:
the time when it was written is uncertain, but probably as early as the former. It was preserved amongst the manuscripts of Lord Somers, which, after the death of Sir Joseph Jekyl, being publicly sold, this little piece came to be printed 1739, and was well received. To these we must add the Old Whig, N^o. 1. and 2. pamphlets written in defence of the Peerage Bill. The scope of the bill was this, that in place of

sixteen Peers sitting in parliament as representatives of the peerage of Scotland, there were for the future to be twenty-five hereditary peers, by the junction of nine out of the body of the Scotch nobility to the sixteen sitting peers; that six English peers should be added, and the peerage then remain fixed, the crown being restrained from making any new lords but upon the extinction of families. This gave a great alarm to the nation, and many papers were wrote with spirit against it, amongst the rest one called *The Plebeian*, now known to have been Sir Richard Steele's. In answer to this came out the *Old Whig*, N^o. 1. on the State of the Peerage, with some Remarks on *The Plebeian*. This controversy was carried on between the two friends, Addison and Steele, at first without any knowledge of one another, but before it was ended it appears from several expressions, that the author of *The Old Whig* was acquainted with his antagonist.

Thus we have gone through the most remarkable passages of the life of this great man, in admiration of whom it is but natural to be an enthusiast, and whose very enemies expressed their dislike with diffidence nor indeed were his enemies, Mr Pope excepted, (if it be proper to reckon Mr. Pope Mr. Addison's enemy) in one particular case, of any consequence. It is a true and an old observation, that the greatest men have sometimes failings that, of all other human weaknesses, one would not suspect them to be subject to. It is said of Mr. Addison that he was a slave to

flattery, that he was jealous, and suspicious in his temper, and, as Pope keenly expresses it,

Bore, like the Turk, no rival near the throne.

That he was jealous of the fame of Pope many have believed, and perhaps not altogether without ground. He preferred Tickell's translation of the First Book of Homer to Pope's. His words are, 'The other has 'more of Homer;' when, at the same time, in a letter to Pope, he strenuously advises him to undertake it, and tells him there is none but he equal to it; which circumstance has made some people conjecture that Addison was himself the author of the translation imputed to Mr. Tickell. Be this as it may, it is unpleasing to dwell upon the failings and quarrels of great men; let us rather draw a veil over all their errors, and only admire their virtues and their genius, of both which the Author, the incidents of whose life we have now been tracing, had a large possession. He added much to the purity of the English style in prose; his rhyme is not so flowing, nervous, or manly, as some of his contemporaries, but his prose has an original excellence, a smoothness and dignity, peculiar to it. His poetry, as well as sentiments, in Cato, cannot be praised enough.

Mr. Addison was steadfast to his principles, faithful to his friends, a zealous patriot, honourable in publick stations, amiable in private life, and as he lived he died, a good man and a pious Christian.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF WARWICK, &c.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge! my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetick fires!
Slow comes the verse that real wo inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and throw walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed Friend!
Oh! gone for ever, take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan, 25
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.

If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue, 30
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Ofe' let me range the gloomy aisles alone
 (Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show 35
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:

**Proud names, who once the reigns of empire held,
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood; 40
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;
 And saints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd 45
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.**

**In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
 A winged Virtue, thro' th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unweary'd does he fly? 50**

Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow 55
In hymns of love not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend; 60
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod before, 65
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye Heav'ns decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or rous'd by fancy meets my waking eyes. 70
If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove, 75
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;

There, patient, shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe; 80
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die!

Thou hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears, 85
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze! 90
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd, 95
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn. 100
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These Works divine, which, on his deathbed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd, 106

Great hut ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give nor thou to claim :
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies. II.
Bless'd pair ! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues ; each others' boast ! farewell :
Farewell ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide. II.

THO. TICKELL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

How long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetick heat and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote, 5
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

**Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast; 10
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee;
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle 15
In smoother numbers and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original. 20**

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;

C iij

Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
 How thy own laurel first began to grow;
 How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods, 25
 And frighted at himself, ran howling thro' the woods.

O! may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
 Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!
 Then may we, wond'ring, read how human limbs
 Have water'd kingdoms and dissolv'd in streams; 30
 Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
 Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
 How some in feather's, or a ragged hide,
 Have liv'd a second life, and diff'rent natures try'd.
 Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
 A nobler change than he himself can tell. 36

Magd. College, Oxon,
 June 2. 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST,
 ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL*.

April 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry! you will needs request
 A short account of all the Muse possess,
 That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
 Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,
 Without more preface, writ in formal length, 5
 To speak the undertaker's want of strength,

* Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language and obscur'd his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

10

15

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd

20

**Thro' pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.**

But now the mystick tale that pleas'd of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more;

The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,

25

While the dull moral lies too plain below.

We view well-pleas'd at distance all the fights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,

And damsels in distress, and courteous knights;

But when we look too near the shades decay,

30

And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,

O'errun with wit, and lavish of his thought:

His turns too closely on the reader press;

He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less:

35

One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise ;
As in the Milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heav'n's with one continued light,
That not a single star can shew his rays, 40
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet ! that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame ;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess ;
But wit like thine in any shape will please. 45
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre ?
Pindar ! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain ?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight, 50
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.

Bless'd man ! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise ;
Bless'd man ! who now shall be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own. 55

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestick numbers, walks ;
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See ! see ! he upward springs, and, tow'ring high, 60
Spurns the dull province of mortality ;

Shakes Heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
 And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms !
 Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
 Whilst ev'ry verse array'd in Majesty, 65
 Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
 And seems above the critick's nicer laws.
 How are you struck with terroure and delight,
 When angel with archangel copes in fight !
 When great Messiah's outspread banner shines, 70
 How does the chariot rattle in his lines !
 What sound of brazen wheels, with thunder, scare
 And stun the reader with the din of war !
 With fear my spirits and my blood retire,

To see the seraphs sink in clouds of fire ; 76
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
What tongue, what words of rapture, can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness !
 Oh ! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen, 80
 To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
 His other works might have deserv'd applause ;
 But now the language can't support the cause ;
 While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
 Betrays a bottom odious to the sight. 85

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
 Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse ;
 The courtly Waller next commands thy lays ;
 Muse ! tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise,

Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
 'Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their
 But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd, [Streams:
 He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend! receive
 The last poor present that my Muse can give. 131
 I leave the arts of poetry and verse
 To them that practise 'em with more success.
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
 And so at once, dear Friend and Muse! farewell, 135

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
 Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
 If yet your time and actions are your own,
 Receive the present of a Muse unknown;
 A Muse that in advent'rous numbers sings 5
 The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
 Britain advanc'd and Europe's peace restor'd,
 By Romers' counsels and by Nassau's sword.
 To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
 Who help'd to raise the subject of my song; 10

Whether in comick sounds or tragick airs
 She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
 If satire or heroick strains she writes, 120
 Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
 From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
 She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
 How might we fear our I
 That long has flourish'd, h thee, 125
 Did not the Muses' other
 Harmonious Congreve! a it:
 Congreve! whose fancy's re
 Has given already much, and promis'd more:
 Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive, 130
 And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
 But justice still demands one labour more:
 The noble Montagu remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd: 135
 To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
 In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
 How negligently graceful he uncins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains!
 How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines, 140
 And all the hero in full glory shines!
 We see his army set in just array,
 And Boy'n's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
 Nor Smer, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
 Nor rapid Nanthus' celebrated flood, 145

My Muse, expecting, on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land: 10

She oft' has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow,
But durst not in heroick strains rejoice;

The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her
She saw the Boyn run thick with human gore, [voice:
And floating corpse' lie beating on the shore; 15

She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero thro' the dusty plain,
When thro' the thick embattled lines he broke,

Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of
O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse, [smoke.

In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse! 23

Draw thee belov'd in peace and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noonday sweats and midnight cares!

But still the godlike man, by some hard fate, 25
Receives the glory of his toils too late;

Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds;

One age the hero, one the poet, breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man 30

Who, driv'n by strefs of Fate, such dangers bore

On stormy seas and a disastrous shore,

Before he settled in the promis'd earth,

And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse; 36

To you the hero of my verse reveals
 His great designs, to you in council tells
 His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
 Of towns unform'd and battles yet to come,
 And well could you, in your immortal strains, 15
 Describe his conduct and reward his pains:
 But since the state has
 And poetry in higher
 Attend to what a less
 Pardon her faults, and
 On you, my Lord, wait,

And from your judgment must expect my fate,
 Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
 Degrading envy or misguided love.
 If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays, 25
 Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
 For next to what you write is what you praise. 27 }

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the bus'ness of the field is o'er,
 The trumpets sleep and cannons cease to roar,
 When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
 And all the thunder of the battle lull'd,
 Attend, auspicious Prince! and let the Muse 5
 In humble accents milder thoughts infuse
 Others, in bold prophetick numbers skill'd,
 Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;

But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight 65
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallich corpse', and Cressi swam in blood, 70
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts and repel their course;
They break thro' all, for William leads the way 75
Where fires rage most and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky, 80
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears, 85
The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears:
Oppress'd Religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword. 90
Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroick worth,

The sets a man triumphant in the field,
 O'er giants cloven down and monsters kill'd,
 Reeking in blood, and thrar'd with dust and sweat,
 Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great. 96

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
 And strikes a terror thro' the haughty East;

Algiers and Tunis, from
 With horror hear th
 Pain from the neighb
 And wish themselves
 The Gallick ships are
 100
 101
 102
 103
 104
 105
 106
 107
 108
 109
 110
 111
 112
 113
 114
 115
 116
 117
 118
 119
 120
 121
 122
 123
 124
 125
 126
 127
 128
 129
 130
 131
 132
 133
 134
 135
 136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141
 142
 143
 144
 145
 146
 147
 148
 149
 150
 151
 152
 153
 154
 155
 156
 157
 158
 159
 160
 161
 162
 163
 164
 165
 166
 167
 168
 169
 170
 171
 172
 173
 174
 175
 176
 177
 178
 179
 180
 181
 182
 183
 184
 185
 186
 187
 188
 189
 190
 191
 192
 193
 194
 195
 196
 197
 198
 199
 200
 201
 202
 203
 204
 205
 206
 207
 208
 209
 210
 211
 212
 213
 214
 215
 216
 217
 218
 219
 220
 221
 222
 223
 224
 225
 226
 227
 228
 229
 230
 231
 232
 233
 234
 235
 236
 237
 238
 239
 240
 241
 242
 243
 244
 245
 246
 247
 248
 249
 250
 251
 252
 253
 254
 255
 256
 257
 258
 259
 260
 261
 262
 263
 264
 265
 266
 267
 268
 269
 270
 271
 272
 273
 274
 275
 276
 277
 278
 279
 280
 281
 282
 283
 284
 285
 286
 287
 288
 289
 290
 291
 292
 293
 294
 295
 296
 297
 298
 299
 300
 301
 302
 303
 304
 305
 306
 307
 308
 309
 310
 311
 312
 313
 314
 315
 316
 317
 318
 319
 320
 321
 322
 323
 324
 325
 326
 327
 328
 329
 330
 331
 332
 333
 334
 335
 336
 337
 338
 339
 340
 341
 342
 343
 344
 345
 346
 347
 348
 349
 350
 351
 352
 353
 354
 355
 356
 357
 358
 359
 360
 361
 362
 363
 364
 365
 366
 367
 368
 369
 370
 371
 372
 373
 374
 375
 376
 377
 378
 379
 380
 381
 382
 383
 384
 385
 386
 387
 388
 389
 390
 391
 392
 393
 394
 395
 396
 397
 398
 399
 400
 401
 402
 403
 404
 405
 406
 407
 408
 409
 410
 411
 412
 413
 414
 415
 416
 417
 418
 419
 420
 421
 422
 423
 424
 425
 426
 427
 428
 429
 430
 431
 432
 433
 434
 435
 436
 437
 438
 439
 440
 441
 442
 443
 444
 445
 446
 447
 448
 449
 450
 451
 452
 453
 454
 455
 456
 457
 458
 459
 460
 461
 462
 463
 464
 465
 466
 467
 468
 469
 470
 471
 472
 473
 474
 475
 476
 477
 478
 479
 480
 481
 482
 483
 484
 485
 486
 487
 488
 489
 490
 491
 492
 493
 494
 495
 496
 497
 498
 499
 500
 501
 502
 503
 504
 505
 506
 507
 508
 509
 510
 511
 512
 513
 514
 515
 516
 517
 518
 519
 520
 521
 522
 523
 524
 525
 526
 527
 528
 529
 530
 531
 532
 533
 534
 535
 536
 537
 538
 539
 540
 541
 542
 543
 544
 545
 546
 547
 548
 549
 550
 551
 552
 553
 554
 555
 556
 557
 558
 559
 560
 561
 562
 563
 564
 565
 566
 567
 568
 569
 570
 571
 572
 573
 574
 575
 576
 577
 578
 579
 580
 581
 582
 583
 584
 585
 586
 587
 588
 589
 590
 591
 592
 593
 594
 595
 596
 597
 598
 599
 600
 601
 602
 603
 604
 605
 606
 607
 608
 609
 610
 611
 612
 613
 614
 615
 616
 617
 618
 619
 620
 621
 622
 623
 624
 625
 626
 627
 628
 629
 630
 631
 632
 633
 634
 635
 636
 637
 638
 639
 640
 641
 642
 643
 644
 645
 646
 647
 648
 649
 650
 651
 652
 653
 654
 655
 656
 657
 658
 659
 660
 661
 662
 663
 664
 665
 666
 667
 668
 669
 670
 671
 672
 673
 674
 675
 676
 677
 678
 679
 680
 681
 682
 683
 684
 685
 686
 687
 688
 689
 690
 691
 692
 693
 694
 695
 696
 697
 698
 699
 700
 701
 702
 703
 704
 705
 706
 707
 708
 709
 710
 711
 712
 713
 714
 715
 716
 717
 718
 719
 720
 721
 722
 723
 724
 725
 726
 727
 728
 729
 730
 731
 732
 733
 734
 735
 736
 737
 738
 739
 740
 741
 742
 743
 744
 745
 746
 747
 748
 749
 750
 751
 752
 753
 754
 755
 756
 757
 758
 759
 760
 761
 762
 763
 764
 765
 766
 767
 768
 769
 770
 771
 772
 773
 774
 775
 776
 777
 778
 779
 780
 781
 782
 783
 784
 785
 786
 787
 788
 789
 790
 791
 792
 793
 794
 795
 796
 797
 798
 799
 800
 801
 802
 803
 804
 805
 806
 807
 808
 809
 810
 811
 812
 813
 814
 815
 816
 817
 818
 819
 820
 821
 822
 823
 824
 825
 826
 827
 828
 829
 830
 831
 832
 833
 834
 835
 836
 837
 838
 839
 840
 841
 842
 843
 844
 845
 846
 847
 848
 849
 850
 851
 852
 853
 854
 855
 856
 857
 858
 859
 860
 861
 862
 863
 864
 865
 866
 867
 868
 869
 870
 871
 872
 873
 874
 875
 876
 877
 878
 879
 880
 881
 882
 883
 884
 885
 886
 887
 888
 889
 890
 891
 892
 893
 894
 895
 896
 897
 898
 899
 900
 901
 902
 903
 904
 905
 906
 907
 908
 909
 910
 911
 912
 913
 914
 915
 916
 917
 918
 919
 920
 921
 922
 923
 924
 925
 926
 927
 928
 929
 930
 931
 932
 933
 934
 935
 936
 937
 938
 939
 940
 941
 942
 943
 944
 945
 946
 947
 948
 949
 950
 951
 952
 953
 954
 955
 956
 957
 958
 959
 960
 961
 962
 963
 964
 965
 966
 967
 968
 969
 970
 971
 972
 973
 974
 975
 976
 977
 978
 979
 980
 981
 982
 983
 984
 985
 986
 987
 988
 989
 990
 991
 992
 993
 994
 995
 996
 997
 998
 999
 1000

Deny'd the common use of sea and wing,
 Nor dare again the British strength engage; 105
 Still they remember that destructive rage
 Which lately made their trembling host retire,
 Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
 The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
 And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's num'rous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
 Could scarce a longer line of battle boast, 112
 The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
 And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Whene'er the waves in restless errors roll, 115
 The seas lie open now to either pole;
 Now may we safely use the northern gales,
 And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
 Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
 New lands explore, and sail by other stars; 120

Dij

Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud Prince! ambitious Louis! cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste; 126
Think on the heaps of corpse and streams of blood,
On ev'ry guilty plain and purple flood
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care; 130
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind!
See mighty Nassau thro' the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side!
Fain would the pious Prince refuse th' alarm, 133
Fain would he check the fury of his arm,
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword, 140
Behold with what resolute force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd,
With what amazing strength the forts were won, 143
Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;

Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
 On flaming citadels and falling tow'rs; 150
 With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
 And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
 The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
 And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce eruptions broke, 155
 Fills heav'n with ashes and the earth with smoke;
 Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
 Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly;
 Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
 And strows the Asiatick shore with dust. 160

Now does the sailor from the neighb'ring main
 Look after Gallick towns and forts in vain;

No more his wonted marks he can descry,
 But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie,
 Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows 165
 His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
 Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
 And single out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.

Here *Ruffe's* actions should my Muse require,
 And would my strength but second my desire, 170
 I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
 And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;
 High on the deck should the great leader stand,
 Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
 Like *Homer's Hector*, when he flung his fire 175
 Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on ev'ry shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse?
Ormond! the theme of ev'ry Oxford Muse.
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Thro' all the noise and hurry of the fight
Observe each blow, and keep him still in fight.
Oh! did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won,
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight
The schemes of Gallick policy o'erthrow,
And blast the councils of the common foe,
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's * loss more light?
But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear
Maria's name still wounds each British ear;
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

* Queen Mary, who died.

But see, at length, the British ships appear! 2 5
 Our Nassau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
 'The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
 And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
 Come, mighty Prince! desir'd of Britain! come;
 May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home! 21 5
 Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
 Which such confusion and amazement strook
 'Thro' Gallick hosts; but, oh! let us desert
 Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in the eye;
 Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found, 21 5
 But for awhile forget the trumpet's sound;
 Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
 Accept their duty, and enjoy their love;
 For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
 You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight, 22 0
 Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
 And steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
 So, crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
 Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings
 flow. 22 3

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! with silence and surprise
 We see Britannia's monarch rise,

A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade,
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the Presence-chamber stand. 5

The magick of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes. 10
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
'Thro' all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nation shall survey
'Their sov'reign thro' his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and ev'ry voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice, 20
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins, shall live, 25
'To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
'To bear this form the genial sun
Shall daily, since his course begun, 30

Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller ! long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With Nature in a gen'rous strife, 33
And touch'd the canvass into life :
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd. 40

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air :
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd :
There Anna, great as when she sent 45
Her armies thro' the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd :
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Tho' Heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy ast in thee) 50
The last, the happiest, British king,
Whom thou shalt paint or I shall sing !

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine 55
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there; 60
Old Saturn, too, with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantinè armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose, 65
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen 70
Reclining on a fun'ral urn,
Her shortliv'd darling son to mourn:
The last was he whose thunder flew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd 75
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand;
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise, 80
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George or carv'd a Jove? 82

To her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO. NOV. 1714.

THE Muse that oft', with sacred raptures fir'd,
 Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
 And boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
 Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
 On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd, 5
 By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
 And all the glories that our age adorn
 Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
 A broken lineage and a doubtful throne, 10
 But boast her royal progeny's increase,
 And count the pledges of her future peace.
 O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
 While you, fair Princess! in your offspring smile,
 Supplying charms to the succeeding age, 15
 Each heav'nly daughter's triumph we presage,
 Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
 And pity monarchs doom'd to fight in vain.

Thou, too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom Albion, op'ning wide her arms, requires, 20
 With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.

O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to Heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd :
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love ; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace ;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Mean-while, bright Princess! who with gracefulness
And native majesty are form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly ;
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
 Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse;
 The deathless Muse with undiminish'd rays
 Thro' distant time the lovely dame conveys.
 To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung; 53
 The queen still shines because the poet sung.
 Ev'n all those graces in your frame combin'd,
 The common fate of mortal charms may find,
 (Content our shortly'd praises to engage,
 The joy and wonder of a single age) 60
 Unless some poet in a lasting song
 To late posterity their fame prolong,
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
 And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes. 64

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA! whose exalted hymns
 With joy and wonder fill the blest,
 In choirs of warbling seraphims
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
 Attend, harmonious Saint! and see 5
 Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
 Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our pray'rs;
 Enliven all our earthly airs,
 And as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:

E. H.

Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue ; 10
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays! 15
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace ;
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly ;
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base. 20
Cecilia's name thro' all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day 25
To musick and Cecilia ;
Musick! the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Musick can noble hints impart,
Exceeder fury, kindle love, 30
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Jove strikes the trembling lyre
The stones stand still, the stones admire ;
The savage advances,

and lamb around him trip,
 a awkward measures leap,
 mingle in the dance :
 the woods attended as he play'd,
 the spe was left without a shade,

40

IV.

gious heats inspires;
 the soul and lifts it high,
 it with sublime desires,
 to bespeak the Deity.
 the ly listens to a tuneful tongue,' 45
 well pleas'd and courted with a song.
 the sounds and heav'nly airs
 to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
 itself shall be no more,
 the eggs in confusion hurl'd, 50
 the li then exert its pow'r,
 survive the ruins of the world :
 the and angels shall agree
 the al jubilee;
 the shall echo with their hymns divine, 55
 the himself with pleasure see
 the creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

the place and day
 and Cecilia :
 the gh winds approach, nor dare 60
 the hallow'd bounds,

60

THEORY OF THE EARTH

The theory of the earth is a branch of geology which deals with the origin and development of the earth and its various parts. It is a science which seeks to explain the processes which have shaped the earth and its features. The theory of the earth is based on the study of the earth's structure and its various parts, and on the study of the processes which have shaped the earth and its features. The theory of the earth is a branch of geology which deals with the origin and development of the earth and its various parts. It is a science which seeks to explain the processes which have shaped the earth and its features. The theory of the earth is based on the study of the earth's structure and its various parts, and on the study of the processes which have shaped the earth and its features.

Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds;
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
 But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue,
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,
 And imitate the bless'd above
 In joy, and harmony, and love.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH



The Wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance:

The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade, 40

IV

Musick religious heats insp
It wakes the soul and lifts it
And wings it with sublime
And fits it to bespeak the D
Th' Almighty listens to a u

45

And seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.

When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd, 50

Musick shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world :

Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee ;

All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine, 55

And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To musick and Cecilia :

Let no rough winds approach, nor dare 60
Invalidate the hall-w'd bounds,

L. vi

Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds;
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
 But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue, 65
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,
 And imitate the blest above
 In joy, and harmony, and love. 69

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

———Rheni pacator et Iſari.

Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plaudisque ſenator,
 Votaque patricio certant plebeis favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Effo aliquam in terra gentem quæ ſua impenſa, ſuo labore ac periculo
 bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitima, aut propinqua
 vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præbet. Maria
 traſciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum inſoſum imperium ſit, et
 ubique juſſu, ſeu, lex, potentiſſima ſit.

Civ. Hist. lib. xxviii.

WHILE crowds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enrol your name;
 While emperours to you commit their cauſe,
 And Anna's praifes crown the vaſt applauſe,
 Accept, great Leader! what the Muſe recites, 5
 That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights.

Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themselves with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;

**The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and ambitious for her sov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled thro' a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear; 25
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and, half-abandon'd to despair;
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.**

**To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies, 30
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the Continent!**

That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high
And flourishing so near her prince's eye:
Thy fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's aid
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's ho-
Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war
The nation thanks them with a publick voice
By show'rs of blessings Heav'n approves their
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly:
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
'Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war;
Delightful stream! had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul:
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows:
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on her banks her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
 Portending the wondrous year within his thought; 65
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
 The long laborious march he first surveys,
 And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow: 70
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues.
 Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat, 75
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds

Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.

Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold, 80
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their Master's image more than half defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way 85
 Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day:
 When now the Meuse on its friendly coast
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host
 That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
 The midnight watches and the noonday heats. 90

Whiff here the vine o'er hills of ruin climb
For strings to conceal great Bourbon's crime
As ope the fame of England's hero do
To see the pious interview,
And each by instinct to each other turn,
In conversation, and in friendship burn;
And thus friendship while with stretch'd-o
They meet each other, mingling blaze wit
And thus, and harden'd in the field
And thus, and in council skill
And thus, and in a troubled floo
And thus, and fermenting blood;
And thus, and with virtue overrul'd,
And thus, and by reason cool'd,
And thus, and to be unknown,
And thus, and both shown:
And thus, and mutual friendship join

Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight. 110

So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,

The tedious track unrav'ling by degree
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ning breeze,

Fir'd at the near approach they fly 115
On his full stretch, at length they die.

The march concludes, the day is past,
Th' immortal Schellings' march is past;

Like hills th' aspiring mountains high,
Like vallies at their foot the trenches lie; 120

Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight. 125

The western sun now flut'rs a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh! what host of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close! 130

Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:

In vain the cannon their thro'g'd war detach'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;

Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke 135
Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke.

And Britain's legions fill'd the trench, and
And bore their storm-avengers to the foe.

High on the walls the mingling-battle rang,
The battle, hurled into unbold rage,
With flow'rs of bullets, and with flames of fire,
Forms in salt fury: heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with various min'd madly die,
And lost, in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
Now in the field, and heroes in the bloom!

How many youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
In quest of fame! O glorious heat,
How soon does glory to the brave and great!

How many souls, such dangers past,
Couch'd on Arabian ramparts breathe their last
And bold, my Muse! may no complaints appear,
Nor hint the day with an ungrateful tear;

While ^{the} ^{stars} ^{of} ^{Britain} ^{have} ^{Britain's} ^{stars} ^{disperse}
A bloody light, and shine in innocence:
Blazing into seas of blood his fiery speed,
Where'er his friends retire or foes succeed;
To bold he supports, ^{the} ^{drives} ^{to} ^{sudden} ^{flight,}
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great ^{valour} ^{known'd} ⁱⁿ ^{arms!} forbear
To brave the thickest ^{regions} ^{of} ^{the} ^{war,}
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety and the world's repose;

Let nations anxious for thy life abate
 This scorn of danger and contempt of fate !
 'Thou liv'st not for thyself ; thy Queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
 And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

175

180

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
 By crowded armies fortify'd in vain.

The war breaks in ; the fierce Bavarians yield,

~~And see, their camp with British legions fill'd.~~

So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides

185

The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides ;

But if the rushing wave a passage finds,

Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,

The trembling peasant sees his country round

Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

190

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,

(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)

In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,

And Marlbro's form in ev'ry shadow fear,

Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace

195

Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,

The gay victorious army bends its course.

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,

Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,

200

(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,

The food of armies and support of wars :

With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landan's wall
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness cro
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,
'Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallick arms;
The Gallick arms in safety shall advance, 215
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind, 220
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare 225
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns. 230

215 To see his joyous standards so well obey'd,
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangours announces the war,
Confed'ring drums no fuller comfort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.

220 Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurled their gilded billies to the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the dust embathed host he views
Scotch'd o'er in the pass by no dreadful length
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

225 The spot they to mighty course began,
That the griev'd should had long dear'd in vain
Scorning their loss, and captivity bewan'd,
Armies of many a chief in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depths of gloomy dungeons heard
And woe's vain bitterness of soul receiv'd

An an-

Yet do their beating dreams
And thirst of glory quells the love of life:
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
'Tho' fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
'That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stand

But, O! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound
'The victors' shouts and dying groans confound
'The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies
And all the thunder of the battle rise!
'Twas then great Marlbrô's mighty soul w
the shock of charging hosts unme
and despair,

n an angel, by divine command,
 sing tempests shakes a guilty land,
 of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 nd serene he drives the furious blast, 290
 leas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 the whirlwind and directs the storm.
 ee! the haughty Household-troops advance,
 ad of Europe, and the pride of France :
 r's whole art each private soldier knows, 295
 th a gen'ral's love of conquest glows :
 he marches on, and, void of fear,
 at the shaking of the British spear.
 solence! with native freedom brave,
 aneſt Briton scorns the highest slave; 300
 pt and fury fire their souls by turns,
 tion's glory in each warrior burns!
 ghts as in his arm th' important day,
 the fate of his great monarch, lay :
 and glorious actions, that might claim 305
 hant laurels and immortal fame,
 'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 oops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 ner! how can I behold thy fate,
 t the wonders of thy youth relate? 310
 in I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
 of conquest he resigns his breath,
 ll'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallick squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun
'Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n aroud
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd
'Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Sea
Or founding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Siene her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards gl
In heaps the rolling hillows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bleated corpse' con
From Euphrate's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affr
Beholds the various havoc of the fight :
His waving banners, that so oft' had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So went the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard ! oh ! who can name
'The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
'That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'
'Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground
'Thyself in bondage by thy victor kept !
'The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.

night-bells to echo'd with gun'rons wo;
 in this happy man forgets the foe;
 thy life's day's day long complains forbear; 345
 is not the storm of Fate and chances of war;
 thy heart's fate their due, nor blush to own
 and field by such great leaders won;
 is it what to fate'd Eugenio bore away
 the second honour of the day. 350
 in clouds of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
 narther flagmate and the rivers swell.
 stains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
 the captive hosts the conqueror detains 355
 inful bondage and inglorious chains:
 those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
 seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 raging king dishonours to complete
 his great work, and finish the defeat. 360
 in Memminghen's high domes and Augsburg's
 distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls; [walls,
 by the terror of the victor's name,
 escu'd states his great protection claim;
 to Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits, 365
 longs to open her obsequious gates,
 the hero's breast still swells with great designs;
 every thought the tow'ring genius shines:
 the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 the wide Continent his march extends; 370

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assailed, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swollen Rhine, rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course.
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands:
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft' whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects,
And, tho' the Dogstar had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe,
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,

But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies; 406
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of Marlbro's sword and Hockley's fatal plain.
 In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame, 408
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
 That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends, 410
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne.
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man:

How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd, 415
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place; 420
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbro's presence charm'd, 425
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,

On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight. 430

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes, 435
And bless'd by rescu'd nations as he goes.
'Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Traerbach feels the terroure of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbrô presses to the bold attack, 440
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway, 445
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd;
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one Campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain. 450

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, wherefoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind:

th' unfetter'd isle's states are free, 455
 the sweets of English liberty :
 he can tell the joys of those that lie
 th the constant influence of her eye !
 : indissoluble flow'rs her beauties fall
 leav'n's indulgence, and descend on all, 460
 the happy, succour the distress'd,
 ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest'd.
 as would I vain Britannia's wars rehearse,
 smooth records of a faithful verse,
 if such numbers can o'er time prevail, 465
 ell posterity the wondrous tale.
 actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 and countries must be taught to speak ;
 may descend in factions from the skies,
 ivers from their oozy beds arise ; 470
 may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 and the hero cast a horror'd blaze :
 rô's exploits appear divinely bright,
 roudly shine in their own native light ;
 of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
 ose who paint 'em truest praise 'em most. 476

LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO CONTE HALIFAX.

DAL SIGNORE GIUSEPPE ADDISON, L'ANNO MDC
IN VERSI INGLESI.*E tradotta in versi Toscani*.*

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos anfas recludere fontes. VIRG. Georg. 2

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre vilesche attragonvi,
E di Britannia dagli ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri regni il fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce stagion, e'l vago clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.

Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzansi,
Attorniansi poetiche campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;

* By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini, Greek Professor
Florence.

Si Sovente ivi Musa accordò l'arpa,
 Che non cantato nism colle forgevi,
 Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce, 13
 E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corra.

Come mi giova a cercar poggi e boschi
 Per chiare fonti, e celebrati subai!
 Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso,
 Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente! 16
 Veder condur sua schiera d'aque il Minio
 Per lunghi giri di seconda ripa!
 E d'Albula canuta il gaudio infetto
 Suo caldo letto di fumante folto!

Di mille estasi acceso, io sopravveglio 25
 Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
 De fiumire, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
 Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
 Della metà di loro umore asciuga;
 Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi 30
 L'abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.

Talor snarrito dal drappel fumoso,
 I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
 Che giaccionfi in silenzio, e abillio perdaci,
 (Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene): 35
 Pur, per senno di Muse, ci son perenni,
 Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.

Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
 Le vote ripe del gran fiume ammiro,
 Che privo di poter suo corso tragge 40

D, una grette urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de poeti,
sicche 'l miro al Danubio e al Nil far scorta
Così Musa immortale in alto il leva!
Tal' era il Boia, povero ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per vostri versi, e per la spada
Di Nafsò, rinomato, l' onde sue
Levate in alto per mondo risuonano,
Ovunque dello eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d' immortal verso.

Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro,
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia!

Mira quali aeree selve attorno ridonni!
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola sì ne schivano la costa;
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate,
Maledicon la fredda regione,
E nell' aria del norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti e pin esaltati odori;
Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peste erbetto olezzano.
Portimi, un dio, di Baia a i gentil seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d' Umbria traggani,

Ove i ponenti eterna han residenza,
 Tutte Stagioni lor pompa profondono ;
 Germogli, e frutti, e fiori, insieme allegano,
 E in gaia confusion sta l' anno tutto.

Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
 Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
 Allorache di Roma l' esaltate
 Bellezze giu giacerfi io ne discuopro,
 Magnificenti in moli di ruine.

D' anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
 Di terror miriempie e di diletto,
 Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
 Dispopolava, e nazioni intere

Agiatamente in suo grembo capia :
 Passarvi i ciel colonne aspre d' intaglio,
 Di trionfo superbi archi là forgono,
 U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre
 Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
 La vile loro tralignata stirpe :
 Qui tutti e fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
 Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.

Sempre a novelle scene mia vagante
 Musa si si ritragge, e muta ammirara
 L' alto spettacol d' animate rupi,
 Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
 Ed in carne addoleci scabroso fasso.
 In solenne silenzio, in maestade
 I rei stannosi, e Dei, e Roman Consoli:

Dell' etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate;
Corona Libertà la Britann' isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.

155

Le torreggianti moli altrui dilettno;
E le superbe ambiziose cupolo,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od insegnar sassi animati a vivere;
D'Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi regi,
Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi.
Danno e Suecco, attaccati in fiere allarme,
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo;

160

Testo che poi le nostre flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in pace
Tutto il settentrional mondo si giace.
L'ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Fremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il gran tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa;
Ma acquistare o dividere in van provasi
Cui l'arme di Nafsò, e 'l senno guida.

...e per me stesso forme:

79

**Musa, cui sovente ho trovo
di lingue risonar,**

180

riglia mia lottante Musa,

arsi in più ardita prova.

ia ho vi turbato assai,

un più sublime canto :

185

ma il basso verso chiedemi,

gorgoglianti rivi;

per gli eroi, che i carmi eterni

ilio, o vostri onorar debbono.

189

Dell' etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate; 155
Corona Libertà la Britann' isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi fiderè.

Le torreggianti moli altrui diletтино;
E le superbe ambiziose cupolo,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare, 160
Od insegnar fassi animati a vivere;
D'Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditì regi,
Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi. 165
Danno e Suecco, attaccati in fiere allarme,
Di lor armi pictose benedicono
La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo;
Testo che poi le nostre flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in pace 170
Tutto il settentrional mondo si giace.

L'ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Fremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il gran tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini figli 175
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa;
Ma acquistare o dividere in van provasi
Cui l'arme di Nafèo, e 'l fenno guida.

Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo 180
Remoti climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in più ardita prova.

Ma io di già ho vi turbato affai,
Ne tentar oso un più sublime canto : 185
Più dolce thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati o gorgoglianti rivi;
Mal proprio per gli eroi, che i carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o vostri onorar debbono. 189

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

To the Right Hon.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! cibi res antique laudis et artis
Angredior, quodvis animum includere somno.*

VING. Georg. 3.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's publick posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease,
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
'Thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft' her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!

War, tumultuous in his course,
 Smooth Clitumnus to his source! 20
 incise draw his wat'ry store
 y windings of a fruitful shore!
 houle's infected tide
 n bed of smoking sulphur glide!
 a thousand raptures, I survey 25
 ' flow'ry meadows stray,
 hods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
 Alps of half their moisture drains,
 fswoln with a whole winter's snows,
 ealth and plenty where he flows. 30
 , misguided by the tuneful throng,
 am immortaliz'd in song,
 ilence and oblivion lie,
 heir fountains and their channels dry)

ver by the Muses' skill, 35
 nooth description marmur still.
 : to gentle Tiber I retire,
 'd river's empty shores admire,
 as of strength, derives its course
 urns and an unfruitful source; 40
 ften in poetick lays,
 he Danube and the Nile surveys;
 leachless Muse exalts her theme!
 : Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,
 rnian vales obscurely stray'd, 45
 r'd, in wild meanders play'd,

Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile!
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferme
To nobler tastes and more exalted scents;
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin ly.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

owns unpeopled Rome, 75
 , nations in its womb :
 th sculpture pierce the skies,
 triumphal arches rise,
 as deathless acts display'd
 progeny upbraid : 80
 lake the fields below,
 height thro' airy channels flow.
 ny wand'ring Muse retires,
 f breathing rocks admires,
 ssel all its force has shown, 85
 the rugged stone.
 ajestick band,
 Roman consuls, stand,
 heir cruelties renown,
 ian marble frown ; 90

es, to whom they humbly su'd,
 hat their proud hearts subdu'd.
 nel's godlike art rehearse,
 al labours in my verse,
 led strength of shade and light
 o my sight ; 96
 from his pencil flow,
 blended colours glow,
 with secret pleasure tost,
 y I'm lost. 100
 ravish'd soul confound
 id labyrinths of sound ;

Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land, I
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art, I
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines, I
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight! I
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay, I
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft' exhausted all her stores,
How oft' in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought! I

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
 We envy not the warmer clime that lies 133
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
 'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle, [smile.
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight, 141
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live;
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate, 145
 And hold in balance each contending state;
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms; 150
 Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
 And all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite 155
 By foreign gold, or by domestick spite;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide
 Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name which I so oft' have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain, 161
That longs to lanch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme, 165
A painted meadow or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays, 167
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

foreign mountains may the sun refine
grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
citron groves adorn a distant soil,
the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
why not the warmer clime that lies 133
in degrees of more indulgent skies,
at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
liberty that crowns Britannia's isle, [smile.
makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
hers with tow'ring piles may please the sight, 141
in their proud aspiring domes delight,
ever touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
each their animated rocks to live;
Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate, 145
hold in balance each contending state;
threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
the wise conduct of her pious arms; 150
as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.
o'er ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
sain her godlike sons would disunite 155
foreign gold, or by domestick spite;
drives in vain to conquer or divide
in Nassau's arms defend and counsel guide.

Fir'd with the name which I so oft' have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to lanch into a bolder strain,
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise

PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS*.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
 That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,
 Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
 While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
 Calm and serene you indolently sit,
 And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
 Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
 Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
 And Shakspeare to the soft Searletti yield. 10

To your new taste the poet of this day
 Was by a friend advis'd to form his play.
 Had Valentini, musically coy,
 Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
 It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen 15
 An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
 How would it please should she in English speak,
 And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
 But he, a stranger to your modish way,
 By your old rules must stand or fall to-day, 20
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command
 To bear, for once, with what you understand. 22

* A Tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND *.

Spoken by Mr. Wills.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were few
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and whores;
Rough country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
Of ev'ry fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft' dog him to the ring, and oft' to court,

* A Comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele.

As love of pleasure or of place invites,
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age 25
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage.
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wont be blockheads in the common road.

Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day, 31
Stocks with variety of fools his play,

And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel travell'd in romance, 35

The other more refin'd, she comes from France;
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from
danger,

And kindly treat, like wellbred men, the stranger. 38

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing wo,
Rivers forgot to run and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find, 5
The force of musick is to musick join'd;

* A dramattick Poem, written by the Lord Lansdown.

H iij

Mutualism

Cultor devotissim

JOSEF

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARIi PREFECTO,

REGIA SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vaturn nequissimo-
rum turba, nihil est, cur queraris aliquid inusitatum
tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis
etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum vir-
tute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis
testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis
studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt, quos nuper in
lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille
tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam
hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa
letaremur tot perditissimi Poetæ tam misere decan-
tata. At, dnm alios infector, mei ipsius oblitus fu-
isse videor, qui haud minores forsitan ex Latinis tibi
molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis
suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cru-

Semirutas, tūres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Fiumina, famulosque Ormondi volvere campos!

Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro. 25
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris;
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber, 30
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disiectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent! 35

Hic pestem occultam, et fecundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum 40
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos;
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse 45
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis,
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errare ambiguo elusi, et novitate lucorum. 50

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
 Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
 Germanusque ferox, et junctis fœdere Belga;
 Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
 Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto 55
 Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
 Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
 Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
 Circumsusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
 Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis. 60

Te tamen e mediis, ductor Fortissime*, turmis
 Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
 Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
 Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
 Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti 65
 Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
 Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris ætus
 Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
 Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
 Effundit radices, totique obnoxia Phœbo 70
 India progenuit, tenerique incexit ab annis
 Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia meritis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
 Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, urta
 Horridis exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta. 75
 Describit sociis, pugnatque in ordine bella

* Infig. Dom. Crisoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Sacerdotibus.
 Praefectus.

Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos arivum tractus et pullida regna.

Deserit, imperis extremum qui subijcit orbem *,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britannumque Heron pererrat
Luminibus tacitis: subeunt nunc fusa Namurce. 81

Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinis, nunc dubiæ palens indiscreta Scæffi.

Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu, 82
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore.

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes. 90

Dum pugnas, Gulichne, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,

Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros

Impotens, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas. 95

Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! quæ murmura
vulgi

Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum

Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis,

Anglia, solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,

Nassovi lætæ tui, desille tumentes 100

Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque

Obsurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:

* *id est* Imperator.

Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
 Solicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
 Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas. 105
 Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
 Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
 Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
 Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes 110
 Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
 Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
 Cara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
 Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
 Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus. 115
 Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
 Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
 Sic, postquam in patriam secunda heroibus Argo
 Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
 Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum 120
 Navita terrificis infamia littora monstros
 Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
 Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plausuque gementes
 Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Goliclme exopte periculis, 125
 Accipimus reducem! tibi Diva Britannia fundit
 Plebemque et procures: medias quæcunque per urbes
 Ingredieris, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
 Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem

Circumstat fremitu denso: tibi upiter annum 130

Serius inverteit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque Nepos * tibi parvus adest, lætoque juvenis
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.

Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus 133

Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam

Infundunt puero ! ut mater formosa serenat

Augustam frontem, et sublimis temperat ora !

Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.

Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella, 140

Pugnæque innocua dudum sub imagine lufit.

Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ

Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,

Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.

Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva 145

Nominibus signat variis, subitoque tumultu

Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam

Diruit : interea generosæ in pectore flammæ

Affurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas

Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror. 150

Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas

Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales

Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura fordes ?

Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,

Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,

Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos ? 156

En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem

Fulgore insolito ! ruit undique lucidus imber,

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Gloucestrensis

Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo. 160

Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis
Hispidam mentitur, totisque comantia flammis
Collaquatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricum anguem 165
Ludit, subiliens, et multo sibilat igne.

Lætitiâ ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat: 170
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancris
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malis olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis 176
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nasso abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas. 180
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!
Ne terris Dominum inideas, quanquam amplius illi
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem. 184

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Qua penetrat fœllor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda infirmi, rudibusque nitentis venis;
Dum stupet nœcultas, gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes. [dam

Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat; 10
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretiosus amictu 15
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum 20
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lymphæ monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Næp̄ quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali 26

Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.

160

Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis

Hispida mentitur, totisque

Collaquatit, rutilasque jubas

sem 165

Ludit, subiliens, et multo

Lætitiam iocentem atque

a civis

Jam tandem securus agit.

Exercet ventos, classemque

Impune educit, pelagoque

170

Seu contracta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancræ

Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti

Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamma miscet

Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbraeque recentes

Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis

176

Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi

Parta quies, nondum Nasso abducite vestro

Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis

Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.

180

Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,

O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!

Ne terris Dominum invidas, quanquam amplius illum

Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

184

Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum; 33
 Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
 Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
 Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atrî nubila cœli
 Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur; 63
 Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
 Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator:
 Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes mellor aristas
 Prosterнат: terræ jam bruma incumbit incermis, 64
 Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ :

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PANNATAS scies, et lamentabile bellum
 Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensosque Grues, indignantisque pusillam [tus.
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella 6
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
 Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
 Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem? 10
 Quem dura Ævæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
 Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum

Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
 Tum lätos sperare dies licet, arva latentur
 Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
 Siu sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor, 30
 Et nîmium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
 Jam sitiant herbar, jam succos flamma seraces
 Excoquit, et languent consumpto prata virore.
 Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
 Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super ægora sumi, 35
 Pabula venturæ pluvie; tum fusile pondus
 Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
 Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
 Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimis aura,
 Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis. 40
 Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersa frigora stipant
 Particulas, rarisque in nimbum cogitur humor:
 Prata virent, segetem fecundis imbribus æther
 Irrigat, et bibula radici alimenta ministrat.
 Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli 45
 Fundum amat, impatiens pluvie, mutuensque procel-
 Agricola caveant; non hoc impune colonus [iam,
 Aspicit; ostendet mox sortæ vaporibus aura
 Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram:
 At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum 50
 Subsulat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
 Cætera quæque rument; eversis flumina ripis
 Expariata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
 Diluvium rapidique effusa licentia portus.

Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
 Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
 Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tatus
 Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœ-
 Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
 Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
 Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
 Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
 Prostrernat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
 Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque parati

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΠΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ :

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
 Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue, tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam [tu
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultum

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
 Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuenter
 Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achi'
 Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulie
 Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile f

Pompeii quem non delassare legentem?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
 Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus; 15
 Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
 Heroas, nigrisque ruentem e nubibus hostem.

Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
 India lata rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
 (Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessis vireta) 20
 Pygmaeum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
 Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
 Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
 Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
 Desertosque lares, et valles ollibus albas 25
 Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
 Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
 Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
 Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
 Parvula progenies; tunc, si quis comminus ales 30
 Congredi, et immixtae auderet se credere pugnae,
 Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
 Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque re-
 portat

Ingentem praedam; caesoque epulatur in hoste.
 Saepe improvisas mactabat, saepe juvabat 35
 Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
 Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
 Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
 Continuo vultu spirans inhumane minaci

Atque

Commisſa ſtrages, confuſaque mortis æquæ,
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Juſſit; ubi totam ſtrepituque armisq; palam
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile!) corpora miſce
Spaſa jacent juncia tranſfixa, hic gutture rana
Dolet, pedibusq; abſciſſo poplite terra
Repat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore
Præſtitit ſæctus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in ira
Grex ſtomachans; omneſque ſimul, quæ
Aut ſtagnum Marcetidis, imi aut uda Cæſar
Præta tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita
Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro.
Stragesque immenſas et vulnera cogitat
Exarſitque unguis icſtum meditata futu-

ſueque accom-

Innumeri crebro circum ingens fluctuat aether
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit 70
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalanges,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turba duas composita excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et Marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduas insert 75
Pygmeadum doctior, qui majestate verendus
Incellusque gravis reliquos supereminet omnia
Mole gigantea, medianque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculperat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta 80

Rostrorum signa, et rudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusas aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruihus distrinxerat ensen, 85
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abskulis hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantùm
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem. 90
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat æra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque inmanis obumbrat.
Agmina Pygmarum, et densa in nubibus hæret: 95

Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita raris aris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ing
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsi
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert
Fit fragor: avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in h
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit unguis.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singulusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur ac
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubesci
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacert
Pygmæadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ar
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia ci
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatu
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in un
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî volvere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste re
Sustulit in cælum; bellator ab unguibus hær

agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
; frustra Pygmæi lumine morbo. 125

gem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
eroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, Græ desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morfu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat. 130

Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.

Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens

Mitteret in cælum Briareus, folioque Tonantem

Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto

Fulminaque scopulique; flagrantia tela deorsum 135

Torquentur Jovis ætæ manu, dum vassa gigantum

Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmæia tandem

Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga

Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem 140

Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.

Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque

Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,

Tot bellis defuncta, Græum tot læto triumphis, 145

Funditus interiit; nempe exitus omnia tandem

Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,

Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim

Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis unis

Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum. 150

Elysi valles nunc agmine lustrat iuani,

~~Surgentesque hominum, vultusque parentis~~
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognominaq;

RESURRECTIO DELINE

AD ALTARE COL. MAUD. OXON.

EOREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labor
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentia
Judicis, et simulacra modis pallentia mir
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine M
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furos

Olim planitiem (quam nunc secunda
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futur
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque si
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasse
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fuit

...que fatetur Apellem,
...us exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes 30
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per inani
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum fecundis Cadmus dat semina fulcis, 35
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calefcit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas tencri concreta metalli:

Sansfin dirigit. C. C.

Hic nondum specie perfecta refurgit imago, 45
Vultum truncata, atque inhonollo vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota 30
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Dens ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis. 35
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum, o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam 60
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numera
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cælum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exigua, solemque minorem. 65

Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cælos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeffunt. 70
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ

t circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
gunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
nat, et læto ridet cælum omne triumpho. 75

amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
ditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent,

æque exultat flagranti cuncta Sibylla

pite cum tumet incluso, c

a Dei stimulis, nimioque

uis tamen ille novus per

m mitra effigiem distinx

gentem è rumulo, alatoque

osco faciem, vultu lætet later in

inflectus*, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat :

87

u quando animi par invenietur imago!

undo aliam similem virtus habitura! —

i innocuas fecurus numinis iras

leat, impavidosque in iudice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris 90

i videas scenam, multo hic flagrantia fuco

nia flagrantem liquet aëto sulphure rivum

gunt, et salus tanta arte accenditur ignis,

oti metuas tabula, ne flamma per omne

ida serpat opus, tenuetque absumpta recedat 95

ura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.

turba intelix agitur, turpidque videri

endet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.

dex à tergo implacabile sevit, et extera

* Coll. Magd. tandator.

FORMATA.

in vibrans acie flagrante scelestos 100
 discis iterum depellit ab oris.
 id agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
 at? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
 in colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
 quam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
 non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen. 106
 am varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
 calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
 a se profert! tales non discolor Iris
 rdant, vario cùm lumine floridus imber 110
 e nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
 fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
 e, pictura, tuæ langueat gloria formæ,
 in lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Ite ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
 planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
 cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
 exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
 improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
 defecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
 cum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
 deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
 lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
 Insecta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
 artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.

Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphaera; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit; 15
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut fors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum 20
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphaeram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter. 25

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, slipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem 30
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphaeræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum. 35

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphaeram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,

Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falso
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.

Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cæptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis

Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur ho-
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque move
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremi
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo dertudere sphæ-
Certat luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget :

Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.

Haud ita profiliens Elæo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.

Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multe
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes
Tum fervit bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia——

Si vero incursum faciles, aditumque patente
Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore :
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus,
Exclamant focii; plausu strepit omni viretum

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbæ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humo:

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Felicior lucuos
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis sollicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperique
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestant, urgetque curas
Sponte sua fati ingruentes;

Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPETSHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrionum, delectatque inhiantem sœmmate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permixta sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scæmni. 10
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida furo. 15
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro.

Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem, 20
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminent ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territ agmen

Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantes
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confusus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinne
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa.
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nymphen, invitoque dat oscula ligti
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigan
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis au
Ligna gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine luc
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honesti
Agmen, et exigui procures, parvique Quirites
Pygmæos credas positos mitescere bellis,
Jamque, insensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tu
Indulgere joci, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cælo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsat orbem
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virefcit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luce
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu

Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidam
 Dirumpunt pugnae; usque adeo insincera
 Omnibus, et mistae castigant gaudia cura
 Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fo
 Protensoeque hastae, fulgentiaque arma,
 Telorum ingentes subeunt: dant claustra
 Horrendum, ruptae sub
 Confusos reddunt crep
 Sternitur omne solum
 Apparent turmae, civi
 Sed postquam infan

: quietem
 oluptas

i, 55
 naeque
 agorem
 rtæ
 t.
 e caesæ 60

æstus,

Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte lugato,
 Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
 Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
 Suggestit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
 Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
 Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
 Rugis fulcantur vultus, proluxaque barbae
 Canities mento pendet: sit tarda senectus
 Tichonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadani
 Induit, in gracilem sensim colla Æta figuram.

65

70

Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
 Suppeditet vires, quem poscit turba moventem,
 Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
 Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
 Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
 Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos.
 Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.

75

Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inert
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, dari et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se subleuat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum femina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.

POEMATA.

121

Anditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deferit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppositas gravisurget undas.

15

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa
Claudit vicissim: hæc
Reliquiæ fluitant præ-

20

Nunc et recluso carcere
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calefcit spiritus ingens!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

25

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?

30

Quin hæc eadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum tu nunc simplicem
Coget resurgens, in priorem
Mox iterum repositura formam.

35

Λ.

Nimbi pentem sulphureis Jovem
Cerni udis sævit atrox hyems
Incer commune mundo
Et populus meditata bustum!

Nudus liquentes plorat hos nives
Et mox liquefcens ipse a antinum
Fundit cacumen, dum p mas
Saxa fluunt refoluta vall.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident : en teretem globum !
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores !

O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem ! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

... grace, on high columns
with burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought,
The matter vy'd not with the sculptor's thought
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky,
A waving sea th' inferiour earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd :
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode ;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes thro' the waters glide.
Tho' various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face

... ..

O'er all the heav'n's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were fix engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward thro' the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god;
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The god sits on a throne
Of blazing gold, with ample garments on;
The Hours stand on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, sit
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bou
Here Summer in her beaten garland crown'd
Here Autumn the rich crodden grapes besmear,
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne
That eye which looks on all was fix'd on one:
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place,
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for kn
"My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

"Light of the world!" the trembling youth re
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
"The parent's name, some certain token giv
"That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe
"Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."

The tender fire was touch'd with what he
And flung the blaze of glories from his hea

And the youth advance : " My son," said he,
 Come to thy father's arms ; for Clymenè
 Has told thee true ; a parent's name I own,
 And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son :
 " As a sure proof, make some request, and I, 55
 " Whate'er it be, with that request comply ;
 " By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
 " And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth, transported, asks, without delay,
 To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day. 60

The god repented of the oath he took,
 For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook :
 " My son," says he, " some other proof require ;
 " Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
 " I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made, 65
 " Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
 " Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
 " Nor suited to thy strength nor to thy years.
 " Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 " Beyond the province of mortality. 70
 " There is not one of all the gods that dares
 " (However skill'd in other great affairs)

" To mount the burning axletree but I ;
 " Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky, 74
 " That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
 " Dares try his strength : yet who so strong as Jove ?
 " The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
 " And when the middle firmament they gain,

" If downwards from the heav'n's my head I bow,
 " And see the earth and ocean hang below, 80
 " Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
 " And my own heart misgives me at the sight;
 " A mighty downfall steep's the ev'ning stage,
 " And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
 " Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n 85
 " Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
 " Besides, consider what impetuous force
 " Turns stars and planets in a diff'rent course:
 " I steer against their motions; nor am I
 " Borne back by all the current of the sky. 90
 " But how could you resist the orbs that roll
 " In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
 " But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
 " And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods,
 " While thro' a thousand snares your progress lies, 95
 " Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
 " For should you hit the doubtful way aright,
 " The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
 " Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung;
 " And next the Lion's grinning visage hung; 100
 " The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
 " And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
 " Nor would you find it easy to compose
 " The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows }
 " The scorching fire that in their entrails glows: }
 " Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain, 106
 " When they grow warm and resist to the rein.

' Let not my son a fatal gift require,
 ' But, O! in time recall your rash desire :
 ' You ask a gift that may your parent tell; 110
 ' Let these my fears your parentage reveal,
 ' And learn a father from a father's care :
 ' Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare,
 ' Could you but look you'd read the father there. }
 ' Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies, 115
 ' For open to your wish all nature lies,
 ' Only decline this one unequal task,
 ' For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask :
 ' You ask a real mischief, Phaeton ;
 ' Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son : 120
 ' I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
 ' Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice."
 ' Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise,
 But he still longs to travel thro' the skies;
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads) 125
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold ;
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright; 130 }
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
 When now the Morn disclos'd her purple rays :
 The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last. 135

Soon as the father saw the rosy Morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
 Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
 From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire, 140
 Dropping ambrosial ~~from~~ snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his ~~to~~ of Day,
 To make him proof against burning ray,
 His temples with celestial dew wet,
 Of sov'reign virtue to ~~all~~ heat, 145
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said:

"Take this at least, this late advice, my son:
 "Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on;
 "The courfers of themselves will run too fast; 150
 "Your art must be to moderate their haste:
 "Drive 'em not on directly thro' the skies,
 "But where the Zodiack's winding circle lies,
 "Along the midmost zone; but fally forth
 "Nor to the distant South nor stormy North. 155
 "The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
 "But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
 "That no new fires or heav'n or earth infect;
 "Keep the midway; the middle way is best. 159
 "Nor where in radiant folds the Serpent twines
 "Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
 "Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
 "And better for thee than thyself provide!

" See, while I speak the shades disperse away,
 " Aurora gives the promise of a day; 165 }
 " I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
 " Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
 " And not my chariot, but my counsel, take,
 " While yet securely on the earth you stand,
 " Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. 170
 " Let me alone to light the world, while you
 " Enjoy those beams which view."
 He spoke in vain; the youth
 And sprightly vigour vain
 And joys to hold the reins 175
 Those thanks his father vain
 Mean-while the restless crowd,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing any flood;
 Tethys, not knowing what had pass'd, gave way,
 And all the waste of heav'n before them lay. 180
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth thro' clouds and yielding air,
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat, 185
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight;
 But as at sea th' unballasted vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,
 So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the sky. 190
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.

0;

195

}

war,

201

Wain,

is head,

205

210

215

craft,

220

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear ;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame ;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry :
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow,
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow ;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat :
Ev'n Scythia, thro' her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd :
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine ;
And where the long-extended Alps aspire
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn :
The world was in a blaze ; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd ;
And now the axletree beneath him glow'd :
Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.



Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
 Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
 The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
 Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns, 280
 Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
 And Argos grieves whilst Amymonë fails.

The floods are drain'd from ev'ry distant coast;
 Even Tanais, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost;
 Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar, 285
 And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more;
 The fam'd Mæander, that unweari'd strays
 Thro' mazy windings, smokes in every maze:
 From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
 The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise 290
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies: }
 In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
 And Tagus floating in his melted gold;
 The swans, that on Caïster often try'd
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd:
 The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground 296
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found;
 His seven divided currents all are dry,
 And where they roll'd seven gaping trenches lie:
 No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
 Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain. 301

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day:
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose.

Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades :
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap :
Gasping for breath th' unshapen Phocæ die, 310
And on the boiling wave extended lie :
Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main ;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secrete in their gloomy caverns pant : 315
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on ev'ry side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come, 320
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said ;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat) 325
“ If you, great King of gods ! my death approve,
“ And I deserve it, let me die by Jove ;
“ If I must perish by the force of fire,
“ Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire. 329
“ See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
“ (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
“ See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye
“ And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie !

- " And does the plough for this my body tear? }
 " This the reward for all the fruits I bear, 333 }
 " Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year? }
 " That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 " And food for man, and frankincense for you?
 " But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
 " Why are his waters boiling in the sun? 340
 " The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 " Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n?
 " If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 " See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to smoke!
 " Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 " Destruction seizes on the heav'ns and gods; 346
 " Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
 " And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 " If heav'n, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 " All must again into their chaos turn, 350
 " Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 " And succour nature ere it be too late."
 She ceas'd; for chock'd with vapours round her spread,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
 Jove call'd to witness ev'ry pow'r above, 355
 And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.
 Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down, 360

From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r,
'Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty fire 365
Suppress'd the ragings of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,
'The ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n :
'The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground : 370
'The studded harness from their necks they broke ;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke ;
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments lay ;
'The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair 375
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
'That in a summer's ev'ning from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop,
'Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world. 380

Phaeton's sisters transformed into trees.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd,
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise : 385
" Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies ;

“ His father’s fiery steeds he could not guide,

“ But in the glorious enterprise he dy’d.”

Apollo hid his face, and pin’d for grief;

And if the story may deserve belief, 390

The space of one whole day is said to run,

From morn to wonted ev’n without a sun;

The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,

Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,

A day that still did Nature’s face disclose; 395

This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag’d with grief, laments,

And as her grief inspires her passion vents:

Wild for her son, and frantick in her woes,

With hair dishevell’d, round the world she goes, 400

To seek where’er his body might be cast,

Till, on the borders of the Po, at last

The name inscrib’d on the new tomb appears;

The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,

Hangs o’er the tomb unable to depart, 405

And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters, too, lament, and sigh, and mourn,

(A fruitless tribute to their brother’s urn)

And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,

And call aloud for Phaeton in vain; 410

All the long night their mournful watch they keep,

And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon returns,

So long the mother and the daughters mourn;

M. ii.

When now the eldest, Phæthusia, strove 415
 To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
 Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
 Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
 A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves:
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views 421
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
 Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
 But still above were female heads display'd, 425
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
 What could, alas! the weeping mother do? }
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew: }
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves, 430
 And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
 The blood came trickling where she tore away
 The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
 "Forbear, mistaken Parent, oh! forbear;
 "A wounded daughter in each tree you tear: 435
 "Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
 The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, hard'ned into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the streams below; 440
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mixt in the sand, whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

The transformation of Cynus into a Swan.

CYNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd; ally'd
To their dead brother on the mortal side, 445
In friendship and affection nearer bound,
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone, 450
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd thro' a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet; 455
From both his sides the wings and feathers break,
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cynus now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires, 460
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light; 465
The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd, 470
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" Ere since the birth of Time," said he, " I've bore
" A long ungrateful toil without return;
" Let now some other manage, if he dare, 47
" The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
" Or if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My son deserv'd not so severe a fate." 48
The gods stand round him as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night;
Jove, too, himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats, 48
Majestically mixing pray'rs and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horreur shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And as he whips upbraids 'em with his son, 49

The story of Calisto.

THE day was settled in its course, and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on ev'ry diff'rent coast, 49
And every land, but on Arcadia most:

Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
 With running fountains and with springing grafs:
 No tracks of heav'n's destructive fire remain,
 The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth, 501
 And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.

The nymph nor spun nor dy'd with artful pride;
 Her vest was gather'd up, and ty'd; 506
 Now in her hand a slender re,
 Now a light quiver on her wore;
 To chaste Diana from her hand, 510
 The sprightly warriors he join'd: 510
 Diana too the gentle huntress

Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
 O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
 More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
 The heated virgin panting to a grove; 516
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast;
 She dropp'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
 She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
 And on the painted quiver rais'd her head. 520
 Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
 Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
 "Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye,
 "Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,

" Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
" And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!

Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Softened his brows, and smoothed his awful look
And mildly in a female accent spoke.

" How fares my girl? how went the morning chase
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,

" All-hail, bright Deity! whom I prefer
" To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here."

The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd. 5

He then salutes her with a warm embrace,
And ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss: 54

His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god. 546
The virgin did what'er a virgin could;

(Sure Juno must have pardon'd had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;

But how can mortal maids contend with Jove! 545
Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,

Back to his heav'ns th' insulting god retir'd,
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,

With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face, 550
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,

Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,

Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain, 555
 Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
 But when she saw the sister-nymphs, suppress
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear! 560
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear,
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.

Her looks were flush'd, and fullen was her mien,
 That sure the virgin-goddess (had she been 565
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.

'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright;
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
 When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
 Found a cool covert and refreshing streams, 570
 That in soft murmers thro' the forest flow'd,
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
 The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
 "Let's strip, my gentle Maids! and wash," she cries.
 Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies; 576

Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
 In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd. 580
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd:

"Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
 "Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain."
 She fled, for ever banish'd from the train. 585 }

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime:
 The time was come; for, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd, 590
 "It is enough; I'm fully satisfy'd:
 "This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
 "My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love.
 "But vengeance shall awake; those guilty charms
 "That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms, 595
 "No longer shall their wonted force retain,
 "Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer; 600
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair;
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
 Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin; 605
 And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
 Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds; her mind was still the same:
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above, 610
 And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,

And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him false.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own! 615
How often would the deepmouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, tho' now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Altho' the grim Lycan was her fire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold,
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay. 625
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd; the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the least;
But Jove forbade, and snatch'd 'em thro' the air 630
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there,
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars and circled round with light, 635
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there? "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here; heav'n is no place forme."

" I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
 " Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast :
 " This, this was all my weak revenge could do ;
 " But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
 " And, as he acted after Io's rape, (
 " Restore th' adulteress to her former shape ;
 " Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
 " The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
 " But you, ye venerable Powers ! be kind,
 " And, if my wrongs a due resentment find, (
 " Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 " Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams
 " The goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n ;
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n ;
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her thro' the skies, (
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes ;
 The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,

Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told. 670

In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind:

Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find 676

The false one with a secret rival join'd;
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,

But could not with repeated pray'rs prevail.

His milkwhite pinions to the god he ply'd, 680

The busy daw flew with him side by side,

And by a thousand teasing questions drew

Th' important secret from him as they flew.

The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,

And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd, 685

"Stay, silly bird! th' ill-natur'd task refuse,

"Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news;

"Be warn'd by my example; you discern

"What now I am, and what I was shall learn:

"My foolish honesty was all my crime; 690

"Then hear my story. Once upon a time

"The two-shap'd Erichonius had his birth

"(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;

oval di lio bas yellow 477 N 3 1/2

- " Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
 " Within a chest, of twining osiers made. 695
 " The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
 " To guard the chest, commanded not to look
 " On what was hid within. I stood to see
 " The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
 " The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep 700
 " The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
 " And saw the monstrous infant in a fright;
 " And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
 " A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
 " But the boy ended in a dragon's tail. 705
 " I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
 " But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
 " The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
 " And for her fav'rite chose the bird of night.
 " Be then no telltale; for I think my wrong 710
 " Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 " But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
 " As never by the heav'nly maid belov'd:
 " But I was lov'd, ask Pallas if I lie;
 " Tho' Pallas hate me now, she won't deny; 715
 " For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a maid (by heav'n the story's true)
 " A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too. }
 " A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms; 720
 " Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.

- " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain :
 " Swift he pursu'd; I ran along the strand, 725
 " Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud; with cries I fill'd the air
 " To gods and men; nor god nor man was there: }
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's pray'r; }
 " For as my arms I lifted to the skies, 730
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 " I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round :
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I. 735
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
 " Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore,
 " Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
 " To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird;
 " Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace; 740
 " Nyctimenè the owl enjoys my place.
 " On her incest'ous life I need not dwell,
 " (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
 " And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 " For which she now does penance in a bird, 745
 " That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 " And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
 " The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
 " The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."

The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmless daw; the daw withdrew;
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth. 75

The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook;
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast:
That had so often to his own been prest. 760
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
And, welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,

" Ah, cruel God! tho' I have justly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn infant done, 765
" That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done; 770
The feather'd shaft that sent her to the Fates,
And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates:
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain:
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire, 775
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.

Her corpse he kiss'd, and heav'nly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought. 780

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more. 786

Ocyrrhoe transformed to a Mare.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore, 790
With hair dishevell'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophesy in sounding verse. 795
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetick tale;
“ Hail, great Physician of the world! all hail!
“ Hail, mighty Infant! who in years to come
“ Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb; 800
“ Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
“ Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind;
“ Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
“ *And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:*

" Then shalt thou die, but from the dark abode 803

" Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.

" And thou, my fire, not destin'd by thy birth

" To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,

" How wilt thou tofs and rave, and long to die,

" And quit thy claim to immortality, 810

" When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,

" The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?

" The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,

" And give thee over to the pow'r of Fate."

Thus, ent'ring into destiny, the maid 815

The secrets of offended Jove betray'd;

More had she still to say, but now appears

Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.

" My voice," says she, " is gone, my language fails;

" Thro' ev'ry limb my kindred shape prevails: 820

" Why did the god this fatal gift impart,

" And with prophetick raptures swell my heart?

" What new desires are these? I long to pace

" O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;

" I hasten to a brute, a maid no more; 825

" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?

" My fire does half a human shape retain,

" And in his upper parts preserves the man."

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,

Put in shrill accents and misshapen words 830

Pours forth such hideous wailings as declare

The human form confounded in the Mare,

Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
 She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.
 Her stooping body on her hands is borne, 835
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
 Her yellow tresses rustle in a mane,
 And in a flowing tail she frisks her train:
 The Mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
 And a new name from the new figure took. 840

The transformation of Battus to a Touchstone.

SOME wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
 But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
 Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
 In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak, 845
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd, 850
 A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd:
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
 Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
 His fav'rite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.

The thievish god suspected him, and took 856
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
 "Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 "And take that milkwhite heifer for thy fee."

"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on, 860
 "That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain,
 And cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 "Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way? 865
 "In the recovery of my cattle join,
 "A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."

The peasant quick replies, "You'll find 'em there
 "In yon' dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd: 870
 The god, successful in the trial smil'd;
 "And dost thou thus betray myself to me?"

"Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he;
 Then to a Touchstone turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy. 875

The story of Aglauros transformed into a Statue.

"THIS done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid; 880
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystick gifts they bore;
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain. 885

The god, well pleas'd, beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below,
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them. As the spreading kite,
 That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance if the priests are nigh, 891
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye,
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star, 895
 Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
 So much did Hērē all the rest outvie,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
 Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung;
 So the cold bullet, that with fury flung 900
 From Balearick engines, mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and shew'd
 The form divine, the features of a god :
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart, 905
 And yet he strives to better them by art :
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below,
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand, 910
 The glitt'ring sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.

The roof was all with polish'd iv'ry lin'd, 915
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd, 920
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his bus'ness was, and whence he came?
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heav'n, to woo
"Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
"I am the son and messenger of Jove, 925
"My name is Mercury, my bus'ness love;
"Do you, kind damsel! take a lover's part,
"And gain admittance to your sister's heart."
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd, 930
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And till he brings it makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed,
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command, 935
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand,
In big swollen sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast,
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood: 940
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,

Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd; 945 }
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd; }
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd. }
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing turn'd away her eye; 950
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a fullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess's gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight. 955
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast:
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung, 960
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite; while, watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy; 965
Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
"On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art, 970
"And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."

This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heav'n; the hag, with eyes askew,
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew; 975
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give;
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne
 O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where she steers 980
 Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
 The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year laid waste:
 On mortals next, and peopled towns, she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls. 985

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
 Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest 990
 Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
 To execute Minerva's dire command
 She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid: 995
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view

Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate: 1000
 Th' imaginary bride appears in state,
 The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
 For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
 In tears all night, in darkness all the day: 1005

Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
 When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
 Or like unwholesome weeds that, set on fire,
 Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.

Given up to Envy (for in ev'ry thought 1010
 The thorns, the venom, and the vision, wrought)

Oft' did she call on Death, as oft' decreed,
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,

To tell her awful father what had past;
 At length before the door herself she cast, 1015

And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
 A passage to the lovesick god deny'd.

The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
 And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid:

In vain he sooth'd: "Begone!" the maid replies, 1020
 "Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."

"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
 And touch'd the door wide opening to his rod,

Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground; 1025

Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.

As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
So does the chiliness to each vital part 10
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart,
Till hard'ning ev'ry where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen. 10

Europa's Rape.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes, 10
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will express'd.

“ My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
“ Thy fire's commands are thro' the world convey'
“ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force, 10
“ And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course,
“ There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
“ The neighb'ring hill, and drive 'em to the shore
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent. 10
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove 'em to the shore,

Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain. 1055

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran, 1060
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung :
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unfuss'd by the breath of southern skies; 1065
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light;
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and express'd 1070
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milkwhite bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight : 1075
At length she pluck'd the rising flow'rs, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand; 1080

And now perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid ;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns. 1085
In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast,
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back and rode 1090
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas ;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize. 1095
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar ;
But still she holds him fast : one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn ;
Her train of rustling garments flies behind, 1100
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Thro' storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore,
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid, 1105
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majestick figure rise,
His glowing features and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight. 1109

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The story of Cadmus.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on ev'ry coast,
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime.
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry fire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphick dome,
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve?
The Delphick oracles this answer give.

"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
"Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
"Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
"There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
"And from thy guide Boeotia call the land,
"In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphick god,

When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servi
Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;
And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great pow'r whose counsels he obey'
Her way thro' flow'ry Panopë she took,
And now, Cephissus, cross'd thy silver brook
When to the heav'ns her spacious front she r
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising gra

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains and the nameless
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie,
Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring gro
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wo
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted roun

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from d
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eye
His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with g

Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.

The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault; 55

From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.

Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forked tongues, and rolls his glaring
eyes. 60

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.

Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him overlook'd the wood;

Then floating on the ground in circles roll'd, 65
Then leap upon them in a mighty fold.

Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size
The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies, 70

That stretches over half the northern skies,
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely;

In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;

Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,

Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath. 75

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noonday sky,
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.

A lion's hide around his loins he wore, 80
 The well-poiz'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
 Tear'd to blood, the far-destroying dart,
 And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
 He saw his servants breathless on the grass: 85
 The deadly foe amidst their corpse he view'd,
 Making at ease, and feasting in their blood.

"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date;
 "But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate:"
 Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw, 90
 He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:

A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
 With all its lofty battlements had shook;
 But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
 Rebounding harmless from the plated scales, 95
 That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
 With native armour crufted all around:
 With more success the dart unerring flew,
 Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
 Amid the plated scales it took its course, 100
 And in the spinal marrow spent its force:
 The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
 And writh'd his body to and fro with pain,
 And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
 The point still buried in the marrow lay. 105
 And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
 Swell'd his eyes, and beats in ev'ry vein;

Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as the infernal Stygian waters cast; 110
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boil'rous course. 115
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage :
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The Serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear; 121
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke, 126
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found, 130
And pierc'd the solid timber thro' the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak,

Till spent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death. 133

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see, 140
"Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
When Pallas, swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the hold and wise, 145
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground,
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command, 150
And flings the future people from his hand.

The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders, and the rising breasts; 155
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms!

So thro' the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees, till all the man arise, 160
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight;



TRANSLATIONS.

169

he cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man! forbear"
 in a blind promiscuous war." 165

d, he struck his brother to the ground,

expiring by another's wound;

the third his conquest long survive,

re scarce he had begun to live.

like example ran thro' all the field,

170

ps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;

rows swam in blood; and only five

ie vast increase were left alive.

one, at Pallas's command,

the guiltless weapon from his hand,

175

th the rest a peaceful treaty makes,

Odin as his friends and partners takes;

is a city on the promis'd earth,

his new Boeotian empire birth.

179

Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have

ral founder in his exile bless'd: [guess'd

id he live within his new abodes,

by marriage to the deathless gods,

a fruitful wife's embraces old,

increase of children's children told: 185

frail man, however great or high,

concluded bless'd before he die.

son was the first of all his race,

iev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face;

nn'd by stern Diana to bemoan

190

inching horns, and visage not his own;

P

And dash'd 'em in mistace,
"Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd.
"A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears, 255
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast: 260
But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Adaxo! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass 265
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
Should he do? or seek his old abodes,

From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And, trickling, swell into a lake below. 220
Nature had ev'ry where so play'd her part,
That ev'ry where she seem'd to vie with Art:
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort, 225
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd,
While Crocalè, more handy than the rest, 230
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose:
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undress'd the shining goddess flood, 235
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries) 240
Then in a huddle round their goddess press'd;
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide, 245
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.

Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow;
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke: 250
 "Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd.
 "A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man begun to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
 A rising horn on either brow he wears, 255
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.

Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast: 260

But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass 265
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

What should he do? or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his akeing heart affails. 270

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His op'ning hounds, and now he hears their cries;
 A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chase,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass. 275



He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains and the flow'ry plain;
 Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Thro' many a ring, where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft' endeavour'd to proclaim 280
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies, }
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries. }
 When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd 285
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound 289 }
 Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling to the ground, }
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
 With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
 His servants, with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes. 295
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their lord Aðlaon to the game;
 He shook his head in answer to the name:
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone, 300
 Or only to have stood a looker-on:
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer. }

“ Encompass’d round by those celestial charms
“ With which he fillsth’ immortal Juno’s arms.” 360
Th’ unwary nymph, ensnar’d with what she said,
Desir’d of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
“ Fear not,” reply’d the god, “ that I’ll refuse 364
“ Whate’er you ask : may Styx confirm my voice :
“ Chuse what you will, and you shall have your
“ choice.”

“ Then,” says the nymph, “ when next you seek my
“ May you descend in those celestial charms [arms,
“ With which your Juno’s bosom you inflame, 369
“ And fill with transport heav’n’s immortal dame.”
The god, surpris’d, would fain have stopt her voice;
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds,
Whilst all around, in terrible array, 375
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play :
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm’d with thunder of the smallest size; 380
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain :
’Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate :



For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command 385
 Temper'd the bolt and turn'd it to his hand;
 Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
 And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake,
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
 Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light. 391 }

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
 The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
 Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
 And in the terrible embrace expir'd. 395

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
 Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
 And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
 Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh:
 Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd, 400
 Ino first took him for her fosterchild,
 Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
 Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

The transformation of Tiresias.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
 And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth, 405
 When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
 Of publick empire and the cares of state,
 As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
 "In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd)
 "The sense of pleasure in the male is far 410
 "More dull and dead than what you females share."

This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, " That tongue for this thy crime,
" Which could so many subtle tales produce, 470
" Shall be hereafter but of little use."

Hence 't is she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and accents not her own.

This lovesick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind, 475
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound 480
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes, 485
Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
'Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left:
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found 490
In vaults, where still it doubles ev'ry sound.

- " (And none can sure a sister's right deny)
 " It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
 " She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
 " Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
 " While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
 " And shows the glorious tokens of his love; 336
 " But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
 " By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
 This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
 Before the gates of Semelè she stood, 340
 Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
 Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs,
 Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
 And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
 The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd 345
 With pleasing stories her false fosterchild.
 Much did she talk of love, and when she came
 To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
 Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
 " 'Tis well," says she, "if all be true that's said; 350
 " But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
 " Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
 " Many an honest well-designing maid
 " Has been by these pretended gods betray'd;
 " But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove, 355
 " Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
 " Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
 " In all the pomp of his divinity,

With all the purple youthfulness
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass:

By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies:

To the cold water oft' he joins his lips,
 Or catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips;

Not knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth! this helpless passion move?

What kindled in thee this un pity'd love?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;

Is empty bring on thyself relies,
 Sleep thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
 Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood

Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food,
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began

To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain
 "Ye Trees," says he, "and thou surrounding
 "Who oft' have been the kindly scenes of love

"Tell me if e'er within your shades did lie
 "A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd, as I?
 "I who before me see the charming fair,

"Whilst there he stands, and yet he stand
 "In such a maze of love my thoughts are
 "And yet no bulwark'd town nor dila

- "Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 "No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 "A shallow water hinders my embrace;
 "And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 "That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join 550
 "My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 "Hear, gentle youth! and pity my complaint,
 "Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant!
 "My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
 "O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd. 555
 "But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
 "With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 "Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
 "And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his:
 "His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps, 560
 "He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps:
 "Whene'er I speak his moving lips appear
 "To utter something which I cannot hear.
 "Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
 "To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit; 565
 "It is myself I love, myself I see;
 "The gay delusion is a part of me:
 "I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 "And my own beauties from the well return.
 "Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
 "Enjoyment but produces my restraint, 571
 "And too much plenty makes me die for want.
 "How gladly would I from myself remove,
 "And at a distance set the thing I love!

" My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire, 375

" I wish him absent whom I most desire.

" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;

" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.

" Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve :

" O might the visionary youth survive, 380

" I should with joy my latest breath resign !

" But, oh ! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd

To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;

His tears defac'd the surface of the well, 385

With circle after circle as they fell:

And now the lovely face but half appears,

O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears:

" Ah ! whither," cries Narcissus, " dost thou fly !

" Let me still feed the flame by which I die; 390

" Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest ;"

Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;

His naked bosom reddens with the blow,

In such a blush as purple clusters show,

Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine 395

Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.

The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,

And with a new redoubled passion dies :

As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,

And trickle into drops before the sun, 400

So melts the youth, and languishes away,

His beauty withers, and his limbs decay.

All these attractive charms remain
 The flighted Echo sa'd in vain.
 To him in his present misery, 605
 In spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see;
 Retur'd sadly to the lover's mean,
 Back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan :
 Youth belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
 Youth belov'd in vain," the nymph replies. 610
 Well," says he : the parting sound scarce fell
 His faint lips; but she reply'd, " Farewell :"
 On th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Each shuts up those self-admiring eyes;
 Cold shades his sitting ghost retires, 615
 The Stygian waves itself admires.
 Him the Nymphs and the Dryads mourn,
 The sad Echo answers in her turn :
 Now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn,
 Looking for his corpse, they only found 620
 A stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The story of Pentheus.

That event gave blind Tiresias fame,
 Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
 Unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
 The heated people and their eyeless guide; 625
 When the prophet in his fury said,
 " O hoary honours of his head,
 " Were well, presumptuous man ! 'twere well for
 " You wert eyeless too, and blind, like me; [thee

" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young god's solemnities appear,
" Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
" Shall strew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him and derides his skill,
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil:
For now thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus ran
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomp and fill the train,
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
" What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
" And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarms
" Of womens' yells those stubborn souls disarm,
" Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
" And you, our fires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods,
" Will you without a stroke your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undisputed field?
" But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
" Heroick warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets gra
" Not flow'ry garlands and a painted face,

"Remember him to whom you stand ally'd;
 "The serpent for his well of waters dy'd: 660
 "He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
 "And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
 "If Thebes must fall, oh might the Fates afford
 "A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
 "Then might the Thebans perish with renown; 665
 "But now a beardless victor sacks the town,
 "Whom nor the prancing steed nor pond'rous shield,
 "Nor the hack'd helmet nor the dusty field,
 "But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 "The purple vests and flow'ry garlands please. 670
 "Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 "Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
 "Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
 "This boasted pow'r; why then should Pentheus
 "Go quickly; drag th' impostor boy to me; [yield?
 "I'll try the force of his divinity." 676
 Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane,
 His friends dissuade the audacious wretch in vain;
 In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide, 681
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide,
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
 Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god; 686

The god they found not in the frantick throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The mariners transformed to Dolphins.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look, 689
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:
" Vile Slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
" And terrify thy base seditious crew,
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell."

The captive views him with undaunted eyes, 695
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
" Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
" My sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd: 700
" His whole estate within the waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood, which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me; 704
" In streams, my Boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
" There swims," said he, " thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till tir'd with rocks and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd,
" Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind, 710
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" *The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,*

- " The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
 " With all the sailor's catalogue of stars,
 " Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd 715
 " My vessel, driv'n by a strong gulf of wind,
 " Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
 " And all the following night in Chios spent.
 " When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
 " Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring, 720
 " Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd,
 " Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
 " Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
 " Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
 " With more than female sweetness in his look, 725
 " Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took;
 " With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 " And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
 " I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
 " Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
 " And saw divinity in all his face. 731 }
 " I know not who," said I, " this god should be,
 " But that he is a god I plainly see;
 " And thou, whoc'er thou art, excuse the force
 " These men have us'd, and, oh, befriend our course!"
 " Pray not for us," the nimble Dictys cry'd, 736 }
 " Dictys, that could the maintop-mast bestride,
 " And down the ropes with active vigour slide:
 " To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
 " Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke,

- " The same the pilot, and the same the rest; 74
 " Such impious avarice their souls possess;
 " Nay, Heav'n forbid that I should bear away
 " Within my vessel so divine a prey,
 " Said I, and stood to hinder their intent; 743
 " When Lycabias, a wretch, for murder sent
 " From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
 " With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
 " Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
 " His base confederates the fact approve, 75
 " When Bacchus (for 't was he) begun to move,
 " Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd
 " And shook his drowly limbs and round him gaz'd
 " What means this noise?" he cries; " am I betray'd
 " Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?" 76
 " Fear not," said Proteus, " child, but tell us what
 " You wish to land, and trust our friendly care."
 " To Naxos then direct your course," says he;
 " Naxos a hospitable port shall be
 " To each of you, a joyful home to me." 76e
 " By ev'ry god that rules the sea or sky,
 " The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
 " And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 " With eager joy I lanch into the deep,
 " And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand: 76
 " They whisper oft', and beckon with the hand,
 " And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 " To tack about and steer another way.

" Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
" Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
" The god we now behold with open'd eyes;
" A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread 80
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head;
" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd overboard. First perjur'd Madon found
" Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround
" Ah! what," cries one, " has thus transform'd th
" look?" 80

" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke,
" And now himself he views with like surprise.
" Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies,
" But as he plies each busy arm shrinks in, 81
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
" With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounces in the waves. 82
" Thus all my crew, transform'd around the ship,
" Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
" And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
" A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play; 83
" I only in my proper shape appear,
" Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear

Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more;
 a him I landed on the Chian shore;
 him shall ever gratefully adore. 825
 his forging slave," says Pentheus, "would pre-
 our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale; [vail
 let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 in the tortures of the rack expire."
 ficious servants hurry him away, 830
 he poor captive in a dungeon lay;
 whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd!
 erty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
 ings the loosen'd shackles from his hands. 835

The death of Pentheus.

Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 'd to send his messengers no more,
 ent himself to the distracted throng,
 e high Cithæron echo'd with their song;
 s the fiery war-horse paws the ground, 840
 norts and trembles at the trumpet's sound,
 ported thus he heard the frantick rout,
 av'd and madden'd at the distant shout,
 pacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 and wide, and skirted round with wood; 845
 the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 owling dames and mystick orgies spies:
 oother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 indled into madness as she view'd,

Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, " The boar that lays our cou
" The boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal da
" And strike the brindled monster to the
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring
He sees and weeps at his approaching sa
And begs for mercy, and repents too late
" Help! help! my aunt Autonoe," he cr
" Remember how your own Aetion dy
Deaf to his cries, the frantick matron cr
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lo
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to
His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his
Her trembling hand she twist'd in his ha
" And this," she cry'd, " shall be Agave
When from the neck his struggling head
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore
With pleasure all the hideous trunk sur
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal bla
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the pla
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the g

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore, 5
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore :
From both the illustrious authors of his race }
The child was nam'd ; nor was it hard to trace }
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face. }
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat, 10
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil ;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast ; 15
A river here he view'd so lovely bright, }
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light, }
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight : }
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze nor weeds, }
Nor miry rushes nor the spiky reeds, 20
But dealt enriching moisture all around }
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd, }
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.

A nymph presides, not practis'd in the chase,
 Nor skilful at the bow nor at the race,
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the Mai
 The only stranger to Diana's train;
 Her sisters often, as 't is said, would cry,
 "Fy! Salmacis, what, always idle? fy!"
 "Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize
 "And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease
 But oft' would bathe her in the crystal tide
 Oft' with a comb her dewy locks divide:
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her
 And dress'd her image in the floating glaze
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs
 Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her
 And then by chance was gath'ring, as she
 To view the boy, and long'd for what she

Fain would she meet the youth with ha
 She fain would meet him, but refus'd to n
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

"Bright Youth!" she cries, "whom all th

"A god, and, if a god, the god of Love;

"But if a mortal, blest'st thy nurse's breast

"Blest'st are thy parents, and thy sisters b

"But, oh, how blest'st! how more than blest'st d

"Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd;

"If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
 "If not, behold a willing bride in me." [shame,
 The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with
 He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became; 55
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
 And such the moon, when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
 The nymph still begs if not a nobler bliss, 60
 A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss;
 And now prepares to take the lovely boy
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
 Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,
 "You rude uncivil nymph! or I'll begone." 65
 "Fair Stranger! then," says she, "it shall be so;"
 And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
 But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
 She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
 The boy now fancies all the danger o'er, 70
 And innocently sports about the shore;
 Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
 And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
 The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
 His airy garments on the banks he cast; 75
 His godlike features and his heav'nly hue,
 And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
 His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
 While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
 Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes. 80

She longs, she burns, to clasp him in her arms,
And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood;
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely thro' the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case

Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.

"He's mine, he's all my own!" the Naiad cries
And flings off all, and after him she flies.

And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clasp'd and kiss'd the struggling boy
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,

Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.

Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,

"And why, coy youth!" she cries, "why thus un-

"Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd! [kind]

"Oh, may we never, never part again!"

So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain;

For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,

Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast,

Till piercing each the other's flesh, they run

Together, and incorporate in one:

Last in one face are both their faces join'd, 110 }
 As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd }
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind : }
 Both bodies in a single body mix,
 A single body with a double sex.

'The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd 115
 The river's guilty stream and thus he pray'd,
 (He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
 Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
 " You parent gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
 " Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r ; 120
 " Oh ! grant that whomsoever these streams contain, }
 " If man he enter'd, he may rise again }
 " Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man ! "

The heav'nly parents answer'd from on high
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary, 125
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
 And ting'd its source to make his wishes good. 127

...and confusion hurl'd,

15

He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest'd abodes;

Such did for great Alcides plead,

20

And gain'd a place among the gods,

There now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,

And to his lip the nectar bowl applies;

TRANSLATIONS.

His ruddy lips the purple tincture fit
And with immortal stains divinely

By arts like these did young Lyæus
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they sta
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent

Such were the paths that Rome's gr
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on hi
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.

Bright Juno then her awful silence b
And thus th' assembled deities bespo

"Troy," says the goddess, "per
"The dire effects of her proud tyrant
"The tow'ring pile and soft abodes,
"Wail'd by the hand of servile gods
"Now spreads its ruins all around,
"And lies inglorious on the ground
"An umpire, partial and unjust,
"And a lewd woman's impious lust
"Lay heavy on her head, and sulke he

"Since false Laomedon's tyranni
"That durst defraud th' immortals
"Her guardian gods renounc'd thei
"Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe
"To my resentment, and Minerva's
"The guilty king and the whole p

- " And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
 " The lost adult'rer shines no more;
 " No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield, 55
 " That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the
 " My vengeance satiated, I at length resign [field.
 " To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
 " Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
 " And take his station in the skies, 60
 " There entertain his ravish'd sight
 " With scenes of glory, fields of light,
 " Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
 " And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.
 " The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host 65
 " In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
 " And flourish on a foreign coast,
 " But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
 " Remov'd by seas from the disastrous shore,
 " May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
 " number'd roar. 70
 " Still let the curs'd detested place,
 " Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race, }
 " Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass: }
 " There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray,
 " Or, while the lonely shepherd sings, 75
 " Amidst the mighty ruins play,
 " And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
 " May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
 " Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find:

- " In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces, 80
 " May th' unmolested lionsess
 " Her brinded whelps securely lay,
 " Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
 " While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
 " Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise; 85
 " Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
 " Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
 " In vain the sea's intruding tide
 " Europe from Africk shall divide,
 " And part the sever'd world in two: 90
 " Thro' Africk's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
 " And the long train of victories pursue
 " To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
 " Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
 " And look on gold with undesiring eyes, 95
 " Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
 " In search of the forbidden ore;
 " Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
 " Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine,
 " To the last bounds that Nature sets; 100
 " The piercing colds and sultry heats,
 " The godlike race shall spread their arms,
 " Now fill the Pollar Circle with alarms,
 " Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine,
 " Now sweat for conquest underneath the Line. 105
 " This only law the victor shall restrain,
 " On these conditions shall he reign;

- " If none his guilty hand employ
" To build again a second Troy,
" If none the rash design pursue, 110
" Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
" A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
" That shall the new foundations raise;
" Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
" To storm the rising town with fire, 115
" And at their army's head myself will show
" What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
" Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
" And line it round with walls of brass,
" Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works con-
" found, 120
" And hew the shining fabrick to the ground;
" Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
" And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands
" mourn."

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light; 125
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetorick rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound. 129

A TRANSLATION OF ALL
VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGICK,
 EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

E THEREAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
 And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage;
 Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
 The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
 Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate: }
 A trifling theme provokes my humble lays, 6
 Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
 If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
 Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find, 10
 That's fence'd about, and shelter'd from the wind,
 For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
 The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive
 Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
 To trample under foot the springing flowers; 15
 Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
 To spurn the dewdrops off, and bruise the rising grass;
 Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
 Nor woodpecks, nor the swallow, harbour near;
 They waste the swarms, and, as they fly along, 20
 Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
 And shallow rills run trickling thro' the grass;

Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below
'That when the youth, led by their princes shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighb'ring water stands or run
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones,
'That if rough storms or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

'Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And melted down with heat the waxen buildings
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow
'To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops
Like pitch or birdlime hang in stringy ropes.
'They oft', 't is said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;

times th' industrious insects live
 rocks, or make a tree their hive.
 All their chinky lodgings round with mud,
 must thinly on your work be strow'd; 55
 baleful yew-tree flourish near,
 marshes send out steams of mire,
 and crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire, }
 b'ring caves return the dying sound,
 and rocks the doubled voice rebound. 60
 as prepar'd——

Under world is seiz'd with cold and night, }
 nor here descends in streams of light, }
 thro' woods and forests take their flight; }
 ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim 65
 all brook, and sip the running stream;
 they feed their young with strange delight;
 the yielding wax and work the slimy sweet.
 on high you see the bees repair, }
 the wind thro' distant tracts of air, 70 }
 the winged cloud all black'ning from afar, }
 fly coverts and fresh steams they chuse, }
 and common honeysuckles bruise, }
 cleave on their hives the fragrant juice; }
 vessels beat a tinkling sound, 75
 the cymbals of the goddess round;
 will hastily retreat, and fill
 resounding hollow of their cell.
 Two rival kings their right debate,
 and cabals embroil the state, 80

The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
 All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
 Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
 Run thru' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
 All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
 And fit their claws, and point their angry stings;
 In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
 And boldly challenge out the foe to fight!
 At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
 They rush together out, and join; the air }
 Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war. } 90
 All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
 With heaps of little corps the earth below
 As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
 Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground. }
 No sense of danger ean their kings control, } 95
 Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul;
 Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
 Till shameful flight secures the routed foe:
 This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray,
 A little dust flung upward will allay. } 100
 But when both kings are settled in their hive,
 Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
 Idle at home in ease and luxury,
 The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die; } 105
 So let the royal insect rule alone,
 And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are diff'rent; one of better note,
 All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
 Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat; 110
 But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,
 That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
 The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
 Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
 Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
 Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth 116
 Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
 The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press
 Pure luscious sweets that, mingling in the glass, 120
 Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
 And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuse:
 But when they sport abroad and rove from home,
 And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinished
 Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd; [comb,
 Clip their kings' wings, and if they stay behind 126
 No bold usurper dares invade their right,
 Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
 Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
 And gardens all perfum'd with native smells, 130
 Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,

The robber's terrour, and the scarecrow god.
 Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
 Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighb'ring soil;
 Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth, 133
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.

And how the thirly plant drinks in the vale;
What with a cheerful green does parsley
And writhes the bellying cucumber along;
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's flow
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show t'

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galeus drencht the washy si
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd th
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yi
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were
Vervain and poppy-flow'rs his garden cr

He then would prune the tend'rest of his trees,
 Chide the late spring and ling'ring western breeze;
 His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
 With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
 Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd; 170
 Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard dress'd,
 As many blossoms as the spring could show,
 So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
 In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
 And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum, 175
 And spreading plane-trees, where, supinely laid,
 He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade:
 But these for want of room I must omit,
 And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare, 180
 Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
 Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
 Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found, }
 And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground. }

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air 185
 These only make their young the publick care;
 In well-dispos'd societies they live,

And laws and statutes regulate their hive,
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode: 190
Each, provident of cold, in summer flies
Thro' fields and woods, to seek for new supplies, }
And in the common stock unlades his thighs. }



Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
 Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry: 197
 Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
 Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum, }
 For the first groundwork of the golden comb;
 On this they found their waxen works, and raise
 The yellow fabrick on its glewy base. 200
 Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
 With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
 Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
 And into purest honey work the juice,
 Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell 203
 With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
 By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes }
 Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies,
 To find out breeding storms, and tell what tem- }
 pests rise;
 By turns they ease the laden swarms, or drive 210
 The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive;
 The work is warmly ply'd thro' all the cells,
 And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells,
 So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat, }
 When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they }
 beat, 213
 And all th' unshapen thunderbolt complete;
 Alternately their hammers rise and fall,
 Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball;
 With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
 And some in waters dip the hissing mass; 216

Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er and thunders underground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarm their diff'rent labours share;
Desire of profit urges all degrees; 225

The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:

The young at night, returning from their toils, 229

Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows'

On lavender and saffron buds they feed, [spoils:

On bending osiers and the balmy reed;

From purple violets and the teile they bring

Their gather'd sweets, and rife all the spring.

All work together, all together rest: 235

The morning still renews their labours past;

Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,

Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew.

Again, when ev'ning warns 'em to their home,

With weary wings and heavy thighs they come, 240

And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum: }

Into their cells at length they gently creep,

There all the night their peaceful station keep,

Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.

None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,

Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky, 246

But make small journies with a careful wing,

And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;

But of all creatures—

'Tis this more challenge admiration—
That none will Hymen's softer joys appear
Nor wake their spirits in luxurious love;
Such young virginity maintain,
And so guard the young without a mother
That the cold dews they pick each tear
And so bring forth a buzzing progeny;
Which they chide out subjects, and e
The crown of the rising state,
They seek new kingdoms for the infant
And so a place for his residence.
But never do their worries, as they fl
Of how they tear their liken wings,
Crawling beneath their flow'ry load,
How can an insect fire,

They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
 And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.
 Him all admire, all the great guardian own, 280
 And crowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.
 Oft' on their backs their weary prince they bear,
 Oft' in his cause embattled in the air,
 Pursue a glorious death in wounds and war. }

Some from such instances as these have taught 285
 "The bees' extract is heav'nly; for they thought
 "The universe alive; and that a soul,
 "Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
 "To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
 "And ran thro' earth, and air, and sea, and all the
 deep of heav'n; 290

"That this first kindled life in man and beast,
 "Life that again flows into this at last;
 "That no compounded animal could die,
 "But when dissolv'd the spirit mounted high,
 "Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky." 295 }

Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
 And take the liquid labours of the bees,
 Spirt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
 A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin, 300
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
 Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies,
 And once when, hast'ning from the wat'ry sign,
 They quit their station, and forbear to shine. 305

The bees are prone to rage, and often
To perish for revenge, and die upon th
Their venom'd sting produces aching p
And swells the flesh, and shoots among

When first a cold hard winter's storm
And threaten death or famine to their l
If now their sinking state and low affair
Can move your pity and provoke your
Fresh burning thyme before their cells
And cut their dry and husky wax away
For often lizards seize the luscious spoil
Or drones, that riot on another's toils;

Off' broods of moths infest the hungry
And oft' the furious wasp their hive ala
With louder hums, and with unequal
Or else the spider at the entrance sets.

Her snares, and spins her bowels into n

When sickness reigns (for they as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)

By certain marks the new disease is seen
Their colour changes, and their looks a
Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'r
With grief attends the sad solemnity;

The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the
Or slowly in their hives their limbs un
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd
In drawling hums the feeble insects gri
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hiv

Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees, 355

Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.

Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,

In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums,

Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes. }

Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat, 360

And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.

Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time

Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;

To these dry'd roses, thyme, and cent'ry, join,

And raisins ripen'd on the Pitythian vine. 365

Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,

Its name Amellus, easy to be found;

A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves

The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves;

The flow'r itself is of a golden hue, 370

The leaves inclining to a darker blue;

The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow

Into a bush, and shade the turf below;

The plant in holy garlands often twines

The altar's posts, and beautifies the shrines; 375

Its taste is sharp; in vales new-shorn it grows,

Where Mella's stream in wat'ry mazes flows;

Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well

In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive, 380

To raise new people and recruit the hive,

T

I'll here the great experiment declare
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls
And swarms amidst the red corruption live
For where th' Egyptians yearly see the
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians'
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime,
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First, then, a close contracted space of ground
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof the
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Thro' these the glancing rays obliquely pierce
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fresh
When two-years growth of horn he proud
And shakes the comely terrors of his brow
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain
Loud heavy blows fall thick on every side,
Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd

All this is done when first the western breeze 390
 Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas,
 Before the chatt'ring swallow builds her nest,
 Or fields in Spring's embroidery are drest.
 Mean-while the tainted juice ferments within,
 And quickens as it works: and now are seen 395
 A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
 No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
 At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain:
 Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
 To lift its body up, and learns to rise: 400
 Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
 Full grown, and all the bee at length appears:
 From every side the fruitful carcass pours
 Its swarming brood as thick as summer-show'rs, 405
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
 When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee,
 While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity,
 The frightened Indians with his thunder aw'd, 410
 And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god:
 I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
 I who before the songs of shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
 And set my Pityrus beneath his shade. 416

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE
ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horrors of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast show'rs of ashes hov'ring in the smoke; 5
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Inceas'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air :
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke. 10

'Tis said that thunderstruck Enceladus,
Gro'ling beneath th'incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs, 15
A sudden earthquake shoots thro' all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd, 20
And frightened, heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came ; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads

Hang imminent, that with impervious gloom



'Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray, 25
 And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
 With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
 From earth and heav'n; all Nature stood disclos'd;
 When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
 The ghastly visage of a man unknown 30
 An uncouth feature, wild;
 Afflictions foul and torn
 Sat in his looks, his fi
 With marks of famin
 His locks were tangl
 heard 35

Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
 Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
 Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd;
 But soon recov'ring speed, he ran, he flew 40
 Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
 Our ears assail'd: " By Heav'n's eternal fires,
 " By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
 " By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
 " And bear me hence to any distant shore, 45
 " So I may shun this savage race accurst.
 " 'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
 " With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
 " And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
 " For which, if so the sad offence deserves, 50
 " Plung'd in the deep for ever let me lie

It is said that thunderbolt
brov'ling beneath th'incum-
ber stretch'd supine, eterna
and when he heaves against
reluctant, to invert his broil
a sudden earthquake shoots t
and Ætna thunders dreadful
then pours out smoke in wre
and shades the sun's bright or
Here in the shelter of the w
and frightened, heard strange so
nor saw from whence they came
murky storm deep lowering o'
long imminent, that with imp

interpose delays : its orb.

93

this curs'd detested race ;

same stupendous size,

live among the hills,

ood, that stalk along

o'er the high mountains' tops,

gait ; I oft' have heard 104

ad, oft' seen 'em as they past,

wring down, half dead with fear.

moon wash'd all her orb in light

all'd o'er, in her obscure

"Let me
He ended here,
In suppliant mood fell prone
We bade him speak from whence,
And how by stress of Fortune sunk this is
Anchises, too, with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity:
When, thus encour- poor descen
"I'm one," by Greece
"Is Achæmeni whilst he
"Ulysses' sad e here b
"The raging in the c
"Die me's d
ouldy
and hu
mi

" Wrench'd out the brains : he lap'd the blood,
 " And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life, 80
 " That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
 " As sensible of pain. Not less, mean-while,
 " Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
 " Plots his destruction, which he thus effects :
 " The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
 " Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den, 86
 " Welching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
 " With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd :
 " We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
 " The single eye, a forehead glar'd 90
 " Like a full sun, and burnish'd shield,
 " A surly smile, and fly apply'd,
 " Which in a twinkling set turning round,
 " Scoop'd up the jelly from its orb.
 " But let me pause, while some delays : 95
 " Fly, Malignant, thy detested race ;
 " A hundred times thy stupendous size,
 " I'll see thee among the hills,
 " That stalk along
 " O'er the high mountains' tops,
 " Wait ; I oft' have heard 100
 " Ad, oft' seen 'em as they pass,
 " Coming down, half dead with fear,
 " Upon wash'd all her orb in light,
 " Or, in her obscure Gloom, 105

“ Whelm’d under seas; if death must be my doom,
“ Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas’d.”

He ended here, and now, profuse of tears,
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet : 55
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of Fortune sunk this low.
Anchises, too, with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity ;
When, thus encourag’d, he began his tale. 60

“ I’m one,” says he, “ of poor descent, my name
“ Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
“ Ulysses’ sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
“ The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
“ Disconsolate, forlorn ; within the cave 65
“ He left me, Giant Polyphemus’s dark cave ;
“ A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
“ On all sides furr’d with mouldy damps, and hung
“ With elots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
“ His dire repast : himself of mighty size, 70
“ Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
“ Intractable, that riots on the flesh
“ Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
“ Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
“ Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man ; 75
“ I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
“ He dash’d and broke ’em on the grundfil edge ;
“ The pavement swam in blood, the walls around

- “ Were spatter’d o’er with brains : he lap’d the blood,
“ And chew’d the tender flesh still warm with life, 80
“ That swell’d and heav’d itself amidst his teeth
“ As sensible of pain. Not less, mean-while,
“ Our chief incens’d, and studious of revenge,
“ Plots his destruction, which he thus effects:
“ The giant, gorg’d with flesh, and wine, and blood,
“ Lay stretch’d at length and snoring in his den, 86
“ Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o’ercharg’d
“ With purple wine and cruddled gore confus’d:
“ We gather’d round, and to his single eye,
“ The single eye that in his forehead glar’d 90
“ Like a full moon, or a broad burnish’d shield,
“ A forky staff we dext’rously apply’d,
“ Which in the spacious socket turning round,
“ Scoop’d out the big round gelly from its orb.
“ But let me not thus interpose delays : 95
“ Fly, Mortals! fly this curs’d detested race ;
“ A hundred of the same stupendous size,
“ A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
“ Gigantick brotherhood, that stalk along
“ With horrid strides o’er the high mountains’ tops,
“ Enormous in their gait; I oft’ have heard 100
“ Their voice and tread, oft’ seen ’em as they past,
“ Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
“ Thrice has the moon wash’d all her orb in light,
“ Thrice travell’d o’er, in her obscure sojourn, 105

the groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly flock
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking thro' the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side: we stood
Amaz'd be sure; a sudden horror chill
Ran thro' each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein
Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away: he heard us in our course,
And with his outstretch'd arms around him girt
But finding nought within his reach, he sail'd
Sunk his

TRANSLATIONS.

225

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
 Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
 And gather round the bellowing Polypheme, 135
 A dire assembly! we with eager haste
 Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
 A host of giants covering all the shore
 So stands a forest tall
 Advanc'd to mighty 140
 Hears from the huml rides
 The hollow murmur slow
 Amidst the boughs, a ices
 The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
 A stately prospect, waving in the clouds. 145

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Life of the Author,	5
To the Right Hon. the Earl of Warwick, &c.	24

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To Mr. Dryden,	29
An account of the greatest English Poets. To Mr. Henry Sacheverell,	30
To the Right Hon. Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal,	36
To the King,	37
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his picture of the King,	45
To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, with the Tragedy of Cato, Nov. 1714,	49
A Song for St. Cecelia's day at Oxford,	51
The Campaign, a poem. To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough,	54
Lettera Scritta d'Italia al Molto Onorabile Carolo Conte Halifax,	72
The same, in English,	80
Prologue to Phædra and Hippolitus,	87
Prologue to The Tender Husband,	88
Epilogue to The British Enchanters,	89

CONTENTS.

227

POEMATA.

Page

Honoratissimo viro Carolo Montagu, Armigero, Scaccharii Cancellario, &c.	91
Pax Gulielmi auspiciis Europæ reddita, 1697,	93
Barometri descriptio,	100
Πυγμαίο-Γερατομαχία: sive, Prælium inter Pyg- maeos et Grues commissum,	102
Resurrectio Delineata ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon. 1688	108
Sphæritærium,	112
Ad D. D. Hannes, insignissimum Medicum et Poetam,	115
Machinæ Gesticulantes,	117
Ad insignissimum virum D. Tho. Burnettum Sacrae Theoriæ Telluris Auctorem,	120

TRANSLATIONS.

From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book II.

The story of Phaeton,	123
Phaeton's sisters transformed into Trees,	136
The transformation of Cyncus into a Swan,	139
The story of Calisto,	140
The story of Coronis, and birth of Æsculapius,	146
Ocyrrhoe transformed to a Mare,	151
The transformation of Battus to a Touchstone,	153
The story of Aglauro transformed into a Statue,	154
Europa's Rape,	160

Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book III.

The story of Cadmus,	163
----------------------	-----

The transformation of A
 The birth of Bacchus,
 The transformation of Ti
 The transformation of Ech
 The story of Narcissus,
 The story of Pentheus,
 The mariners transformed to
 The death of Pentheus,

Ovid's *Metamorphose*

The story of Salmacis and Her
 Horace, Book III. Ode iii.

A translation of all Virgil's *Four*
 cept the story of Aristæus,

Milton's style imitated, in a tran
 out of the Third *Æneid*,

From the APOLLO PRESS,
 by the MARTINS,
 July 17. 1784.

THE END.





BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN,
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER TO HURCHILL.



ROWE.

Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
Forbear, he cried, fond Maid, this needless fear.

Odyssey and Ulysses

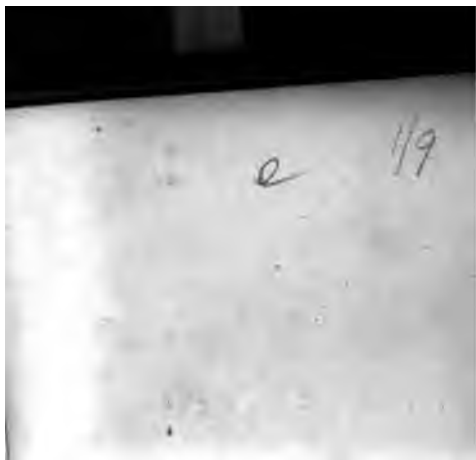


BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN,
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER TO MURCHILL.



ROWE.

Her Glauceus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
Forbear, he cried, fond Maid, this needless fear.



CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
EPIGRAMS,	EPILOGUES,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

U. C. U. C.

Surprize or Joy alike to yield
 Thy various artful Muse was made,
 To dress the warriour for the field,
 Or paint the lover in his shade.-----

Such force fair Virtue does impart
 By thee presented to our view,
 It moves and melts each stubborn heart;
 Her brightness cannot quite subdue.-----

Would she once more her skies forsake
 What other features could she chuse,
 What fairer form the goddess take,
 To bless mankind than from thy Muse?

NEWC

2011

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
840
84

THE LIFE OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

113
This excellent poet was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, which had for many ages made every good figure in that county, and was known by the name of The Rowes of Lambertown. Mr. Rowe could trace his ancestors in a direct line up to the times of the Holy War, in which one of them so distinguished himself that at his return he had the arms given him which the family has borne ever since, that being in those days all the reward of military virtue, of blood spilt in those expeditions.

From that time downward to Mr. Rowe's father the family betook themselves to the frugal management of a private fortune, and the innocent pleasures of a country life. Having a handsome estate, they lived beyond the fear of want or reach of envy. In all changes of government they are said to have ever sided towards the side of publick liberty; and in that tried situation of life have beheld with grief and concern the many encroachments that have been made it from time to time.

Our Author's father was the first of his family who changed a country life for a liberal profession; in order to which after he had passed through the school-home he was brought up to London, and entered as a student in the Middle Temple, was called to the bar,

and at length created a Sergeant at Law gentleman in great esteem for many qualities, had very considerable practice in it stood very fair for the first vacancy of the time of his death, which happened on April 1692. He was entered in the 7th May following. In the reign of James published *Sergeant Butler's* and *Judge Butler's* and in the Preface had the honour to be called serve at that time, when settling upon up as inherent in the Crown, how much great lawyers had been in their opinions the extent of the royal prerogative.

Nicholas Rowe, the subject of this Memoir, was born at Little Berkford in Bedfordshire, of Jasper Edwards, Esq. his mother's father 1673*. He began his education at a primary school in Highgate; but the taste he had of the Classic authors was improved and under the care of the famous Dr. Busby of V school, where about the age of twelve years chosen one of the King's scholars. Beside the Latin and Greek languages he had remarkable proficiency in the Hebrew; but poetry was his best and darling study. He compos-

* The Authors of the Biographia place his birth in the year 1673, but as Mr. Rowe died in 1718, and not above 45 years of age, it is evident that he was born in the year 1673.

Some times several copies of verses upon various subjects both in Greek and Latin, and some in English, which were much admired, and the more so because they were produced with so much facility, and seemed to flow from his imagination as fast as from his pen.

His father, who designed him for his own profession, took him from Westminster school when about sixteen years of age, and entered him a student in the Middle Temple, whereof he himself was a member, that he might have him under his immediate care and instruction. Being capable of any part of knowledge to which he thought proper to apply, he made very remarkable advances in the study of the law, and was not content to know it as a collection of statutes or customs only, but as a system founded upon right reason, and calculated for the good of mankind. Being called to the bar he promised as fair to make a figure in that profession as any of his contemporaries, if the love of the *belles lettres*, and poetry in particular, had not stopped him in his career. To him there appeared more charms in Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschilus, than in all the records of Antiquity, and when he came to discern the beauties of Shakespear and Milton his soul was captivated beyond recovery, and he began to think with contempt of all other excellencies when put in the balance with the enchantments of poetry and genius.

Mr. Rowe had the best opportunity of rising to

dedicated to the Marquis of Hartington. "This was
 "the tragedy upon which Mr. Rowe valued him-
 "self most," says Mr. Welwood. "In it," conti-
 "nues the same gentleman, "he aimed at a parallel
 "between the late King William and Tamerlane,
 "and also Bajazet and a monarch who is since dead.
 "That glorious ambition in Tamerlane to break the
 "chains of enslaved nations, and to set mankind free
 "from the encroachments of lawless power, are paint-
 "ed in the most lively as well as the most amiable
 "colours. On the other side his manner of introdu-
 "cing on the stage a prince whose chief aim is to per-
 "petuate his name to posterity by that havoc and
 "ruin he scatters through the world, are all drawn
 "with that pomp of horror and detestation which
 "such monstrous actions deserve. And since nothing
 "could be more calculated for raising in the minds of

talent; and excepting Otway he is more moving than any other poet of that age; and his diction is more exactly dramatick than any other modern author. Cibber informs us that nobody consulted the dignity of the stage more, nor expressed greater disdain at the introduction of the pantomimes.

* A poetical genius, inflamed as he was in the highest degree with a passion for liberty and an abhorrence of slavery, must needs be singularly delighted with writing those scenes in which the happy effects of the former are so beautifully contrasted with the horrors of the latter, under the persons of Tamerlane and Bajazet; and this pleasure became exquisitely complete by the view which he had of couching under the characters of these two princes those of William III. and Lewis XIV.

This next tragedy, *Tamerlane*, appeared in 1702, and was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and

then characters. Whether this observation is well founded we shall not at present examine, only remark that if any poet has a right to be forgiven for this error Mr. Rowe certainly has, for his cadence is the sweetest in the world, his sentiments noble, and his language elegant.—It has been well observed that there runs through all our Author's plays an air of religion and virtue, attended with all the social duties of life, and a constant and untainted love of his country; that his Muse was so religiously chaste that not one word could be found in any of his writings which might admit even of a double *enquandre* in point of decency or morals. There is nothing in them to sord the depraved taste of nibbling at Scripture, or depreciating things in themselves sacred. And it is the less wonder that he observed this rule with his pen; since we are assured that in his ordinary conversation, when his mirth and humour enlivened the whole company, he used to express his dissatisfaction in the severest manner against any thing that looked that way. On the other hand, being much conversant in the sacred writings, it is observable that to raise the highest ideas of virtue he has with great art, in several of his tragedies, made use of those expressions and metaphors in them that taste most of the sublime. Dr. Welwood extends this observation to his other writings; to which The Epigram on a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of Cato may perhaps be thought an exception, in which we find these lines;

Here nature reigns and passion void of art,
For this road leads directly to the heart.

One would be apt indeed to conclude from this poem that Mr. Rowe, as well as all others, was not absolutely without his gay moments, did not the instance plainly appear to be the effect of party zeal;

While mandling Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia sat, &c.

But to return to his tragedies. Softness was his characteristick

dedicated to the Marquis of Hartington. "This was
 "the tragedy upon which Mr. Rowe valued him-
 "self most *," says Mr. Welwood. "In it," conti-
 "nues the same gentleman, "he aimed at a parallel
 "between the late King William and Tamerlane,
 "and also Bajazet and a monarch who is since dead.
 "That glorious ambition in Tamerlane to break the
 "chains of enslaved nations, and to set mankind free
 "from the encroachments of lawless power, are paint-
 "ed in the most lively as well as the most amiable
 "colours. On the other side his manner of introdu-
 "cing on the stage a prince whose chief aim is to per-
 "petuate his name to posterity by that havoc and
 "ruin he scatters through the world, are all drawn
 "with that pomp of horror and detestation which
 "such monstrous actions deserve. And since nothing
 "could be more calculated for raising in the minds of

talent; and excepting Otway he is more moving than any other poet, of that age; and his diction is more exactly dramatick than any other modern author. Cibber informs us that nobody consulted the dignity of the stage more, nor expressed greater disdain at the introduction of the pantomimes.

* A poetical genius, inflamed as he was in the highest degree with a passion for liberty and an abhorrence of slavery, must needs be singularly delighted with writing those scenes in which the happy effects of the former are so beautifully contrasted with the horrors of the latter, under the persons of Tamerlane and Bajazet; and this pleasure became exquisitely complete by the view which he had of couching under the characters of these two princes those of William III. and Lewis XIV.

“the audience a true passion of liberty, and a just abhorrence of slavery, how this play came to be discouraged, next to a prohibition, in the latter end of Queen Anne’s reign, I leave it to others to give a reason *.”

Thus far Dr. Welwood, who has endeavoured to point out the similarity of the character of Tamerlane to that of King William, though the parallel apparently halts, history assigning no other qualities to Tamerlane than those which go toward making a conqueror. But it was the mode of the times to abuse Lewis, to detract from what was truly meritorious in him, and to deck William in the spoils

* This play, after having kept possession of the stage from its first appearance till about 1710, seems to have been then discouraged next to a prohibition. This has been remarked with disdain in the above passage by Dr. Welwood, who says, “I leave it to others to give a reason.” That reason is offered not only to be obvious, but honourable to those who did it, and indeed is conceded in the Doctor’s own remark, — that “though King William was dead yet Lewis XIV. was then alive.” The insult here made upon him was therefore justly deemed very unfit to be particularly authorised by any other crowned head, as must be understood whenever the play was acted by the royal company of comedians. Nor is this in this much applauded piece, though it has numerous elegant fine verses, is thought by many very good judges, not by the multitude, to be our Author’s worst tragedy, besides its being a flattering picture, unlike a piece which at its first appearance, and a party play, the lovers of wit and wit were in it are very tedious and tiresome, and the

thus wantonly ravished from Lewis. Though it is certainly true that Tamerlane contains grander sentiments than any other of Mr. Rowe's plays, yet it may be a matter of dispute whether Tamerlane ought to give name to the play, for Tamerlane is victorious and Bajazet the sufferer. It may also be observed, that besides the fate of these two monarchs there is likewise contained in it the episode of Monefes and Arpasia, which is of itself sufficiently distressful to make the subject of a tragedy. The attention is diverted from the fall of Bajazet, which ought to have been the main design, and bewildered in the fortunes of Monefes and Arpasia, Axalla and Selima. There are in short in this play events enough for four, and in the variety and importance of them Tamerlane and Bajazet must be too much neglected. All the characters in a play should be subordinate to the leading one, and their business in the drama subservient to promote his fate : but this performance is not the tragedy of Bajazet or Tamerlane only, but likewise the tragedies of Monefes and Arpasia, Axalla and Selima. Tamerlane has for a long time been performed only annually on the 4th and 5th of November, in commemoration of the gunpowder treason and the landing of King William in this realm, when an occasional prologue is spoken.

In 1703 appeared *The Fair Penitent*, our Author's next tragedy. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's

Inn-Fields, and dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond. This is one of the most finished performances of our Author, and one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, of which it still keeps, and probably will long keep, possession, though the domestic nature, the fable interwoven with language delightful. The character of Calista is well marked: Her ratio is the most amiable of characters, and is so sustained as to strike an audience very forcibly. In this as in the former play Mr. Rowe is guilty of a misnomer, for his Calista has not the least claim to be called The Fair Penitent, which would be better changed to The Fair Wanton; for she discovers not one pang of remorse till the last act, and that seems to arise more from the external distress to which she is then exposed than to any compunctions of conscience. She still loves and dotes on her base betrayer. In this character Rowe has been true to the sex, in drawing a woman, as she generally is, fond of her seducer; but he has not drawn a Penitent. The character of Altamont is one of those which the players observe is the hardest to represent of any in the drama; there is a kind of meanness in him, joined with an unsuspecting honest heart, and a doting fondness for the false fair one, that is very difficult to illustrate. This part has of late been generally given to performers of but very moderate abilities, by which the play suffers prodigiously, and Altamont, who is really one of the most

important persons in the drama, is beheld with neglect, or perhaps with contempt, but seldom with Altamont in the hands of a good actor would the eyes of the audience notwithstanding the being Lothario and the superiour dignity of Hercules for there is something in Altamont to create and work upon our compassion.

Mr. Rowe's next tragedy was *Ulysses*, first in the 1706 at the Queen's theatre in the Haymarket, and dedicated to the Earl of Godolphin. This play is not at present in possession of the stage, but it deserves highly to be so, as the character of Penelope is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity. The play has business, passion, and tragick propriety, to recommend it.

Same year (1706) Mr. Rowe wrote a comedy in three acts called *The Biter*: it was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, but without success. Our Author's genius not lying towards comedy, notwithstanding its unfavourable reception by the audience it is said Rowe himself was highly delighted with this play.

Our Author's *Royal Convert* was brought on the stage in the 1708, and was first acted at the Queen's theatre in the Hay-Market, and dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough. The fable of this play is taken from an ancient and barbarous times, and the scene is native, *laid among our ancestors*. *Rhodogune* is a cha-

highly tragical, vicious with a mind that must have been truly heroick if formed to virtue.

In the 1714 appeared *Jane Shore*, written in imitation of Shakespeare's style, first acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-Lane, and dedicated to the Duke of Queensberry and Dover. How Mr. Rowe could imagine that this play was written at all in Shakespeare's style we cannot conceive, _____ars not the least resemblance to that of Sh_____. The conduct of the design is regular, and _____ense it partakes not of Shakespeare's wildness; _____ is uniform, which marks it to be Rowe's, _____hat it is very different from Shakespeare, who _____ency does not consist merely in the beauty of lost language or nightingale descriptions, but in the general power of his drama, the boldness of the images, and the force of his characters. As this play chiefly exhibits familiar scenes and private distress it takes possession of the heart, and will probably long retain possession of the stage.

Our Author's last tragedy was *Lady Jane Grey*, first performed in the 1715, and dedicated to the Earl of Warwick. Mr. Edmund Smith, author of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, designed writing a tragedy on this subject, and at his death left some loose hints and short sketches of scenes which were put into Mr. Rowe's hands, who acknowledges he borrowed part of one scene, and inserted it in his third act, *viz.* that between

Guineo and Lady Jane. It is not much to be regretted that Mr. Smith did not finish this play, since it fell into the hands of one so much above him as a dramatist; for if we may judge of Mr. Smith's abilities of writing for the stage by his Phœdra and Hippolitus, it would not have been so well executed as by Rowe. Phœdra and Hippolitus is a play without passion, though of inimitable versification; and in the words of a late poet we may say of it that *not the character but the poet speaks*†.

Mr. Rowe about the 1713 or 1716 attempted something towards a tragedy upon the story of the Rape of Lucretia. In the beginning of the 1715 he was in the country with Mr. Pope, and during his stay their conversation often turned upon the subject of a new tragedy. The death of Charles I. was mentioned, but it was thought too recent; that the characters of the present age would be touched in those of their families engaged in that affair, and perhaps some offence in the free speeches of the Republicans given

† It may justly be said of all Rowe's tragedies, that never poet joined virtue, religion, and all the relative and social duties of life to an immoralising story on the stage, nor with every vice and impiety better exposed to contempt and abhorrence. There is nothing to be found in them to flatter a depraved populace, or to honour a fashionable folly; they were written from the heart; he practised the virtue he admitted, and never, in his gayest moments suffered himself to talk loosely upon religious or moral subjects, or to turn any thing sacred, or which great men revered as such, into ridicule.

to the Crown; it was therefore set aside. He advised him to rescue the Queen of Scots on the hands of Banks, as he had done by the Lady J. . . . they be-
fore, which Mr. Rowe said he would . . . of;
but if he should attempt such a thing . . . d by
no means introduce Queen Elizabeth, . . . that
where she appeared all the queens and . . . upon
earth would make but a little figure . . . r sub-
jects were talked of, but . . . himself
seemed most inclined to wa- . . . retia;
nor was it any objection that . . . wood, a
poet and an actor in the reigns . . . and James,
had wrote on the same plot. It is a great pity
that Mr. Rowe's ill health and short time of life (for
he lived but little above two years after) prevented
him from putting his design in execution. Some few
verses he had wrote for the character of Lucretia, but
many of the lines were left unfinished, nor did any of

‡ Cibber gives this tale a somewhat different turn; his words are, "Mr. Rowe was a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth, and
"as he could not well plan a play upon the Queen of Scots"
"story without introducing his favourite princeis, who in that
"particular makes but an indifferent figure, he chose to de-
"cline it; besides, he knew that if he favoured the northern
"lady there was a strong party concerned to crush it; and
"if he should make her appear less great than she was, and
"throw a shade over her real endowments, he should violate
"truth, and incur the displeasure of a faction which though
"by far the minority he knew would be yet too powerful for
"a poet to combat with."

them receive the last correction from his hand, & there might be seen in them what smiles Mr. to the character given him by Mr. Ambrose, Poem on the Death of Mr. Addison, of "Sed plaining Rowe."

Mr. Rowe likewise published an edition of works of Shakspeare, and prefixed the life of great man from materials which he had been in on to collect in the county where Shakspeare born, and to which after he had filled the work admiration of his genius he retired. To this published in the 1709, he also prefixed a Preface this edition added not to Mr. Rowe's name, it increased the popularity of his author.

It would be injurious to the memory of Mr. to omit taking notice of his translations of Quæ Callipædia, and Lucan's Pharsalia: the versification in both is musical, and well adapted to the sense; there is here any reason to doubt but that the true meaning of the original is faithfully preserved through the whole *. These translations however, with

* "The version of Lucan," says Dr. Johnson, "is one of the greatest productions of English poetry, for there is no verse that so completely exhibits the genius and force of the original." He adds, "The Pharsalia of Rowe is more correct than it obtains, and as it is more read than most of our authors."—Our Author in his last sickness desired Dr. Warton to take the trouble of publishing this version, which was dedicated to the King by his widow, according to the dying request was faithfully executed.

Rowe's Occasional Poems, (which indeed completely collected in this volume) are but little read, and he is most distinguished as a dramatick writer. For though we shall not pretend to assign a reason; he neglected we shall not pretend to assign a reason; he we may observe that a Man capable of producing so many excellent dramatick pieces cannot be supposed to have executed any plan indifferently.

When the Duke of Queensberry was promoted to the office of Secretary of State he appointed Mr. Rowe his Undersecretary, and admitted him to a near familiarity and friendship, that noblesman being never

by that friend, who observed that it was our Poet's great love of liberty that inclined him to undertake this translation; and that perhaps he was further animated to it by the conduct of the French translator Beausart, who had the honest boldness to publish such a work in his native language, so diametrically opposite to the maxims of the prince then reigning; and that too when all the other classics were published in the utmost the Dauphin, and Lucan alone prohibited. It is likewise undeniable that the Frenchman in some places has carried the heat of Lucan further than Lucan himself, and by attempting the ire of his author has fired himself much more. The Frenchman's translation is however in the main admirably well executed. Lucan was also translated into English by Mr. May in 1735, but his performance does not reach the spirit or sense of the original. The language and versification are yet worth, and infinitely short of the lofty numbers and propriety of expression in which Mr. Rowe excels. Mr. Addison, in The Freeholder, No. 40. recommended our Author's undertaking from specimens which he had before given the world in his rein, says that excellent critick, "the fire of the original not only kept up, but the sentiments delivered with more conspicuity, and in a tenderer turn of phrase and style."

year of his age, and was interred the 19th
 minster-Abbey, over against Chaucer, his
 attended by a vast number of friends. Dr.
 Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster
 a particular mark of esteem for him as a
 low, honoured his ashes by performing the
 himself. A sumptuous monument was
 erected to his memory by his wife, for
 Pope wrote an epigraph, which we here in-

Thy relics, Rowe ! to this sad shrine we trust
 And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour
 Oh ! next him skill'd to draw the tender tear
 For never heart felt passion more sincere ;
 To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
 For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
 Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest !
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
 And blest that timely from our scene remov'd
 Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
 To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life
 The childless parent and the widow'd wife
 With tears inscribes this monumental stone
 That holds their ashes and expects her own

* The lines originally wrote by Mr. Pope for Rowe's monument were not the above, but those which follow

Thy relics, Rowe ! to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust ;
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest !
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
 One grateful woman to thy name supply'd
 What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

*But these lines were afterwards changed for the
 ones, which we see upon the monument.*

Dr. Welwood has given us the following character of Mr. Rowe: "As to his person it was graceful and well made, his face regular, and of a pleasing beauty. "As his soul was well lodged, so its rational and animal faculties excelled in a high degree. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compass of thought, with singular dexterity and easiness in making his thoughts to be understood. He was much conversant in polite learning, especially the Greek and Latin; understood French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and Spanish poetry, and the other two tolerably. He read most of the Greek and Roman histories in their original languages, and most that are wrote in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. He had a good taste in philosophy; and having a firm impression of religion upon his mind, he took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history, in both which he made great advances in the times he retired into the country, which were frequent. He expressed on all occasions his full persuasion of the truth of revealed religion; and being a sincere member of the established church himself, he pitied but condemned not those that dissented from it. He abhorred the principles of persecuting men upon the account of their opinions in religion; and being strict in his own he took it not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation

RECOMMENDATORY

ON THE DEATH OF MR

BY MR. AMBURST.

FAREWELL the Genius of the British
Farewell the patriot of a madding age,
O Rowe! unhappy deathless Bard! fare
Whose worth applauding theatres shall
Oft' as thy heroes on the stage appear
Each eye to thee shall drop a grateful te
Shouts to thy name each grateful voice
And clapping crowds in thunder speak
Too cruel Death! that would no long
This great recorder of the brave and fa
That in one dreadful instant snatch'd fr
The best good nature and the finest fen
Too cruel Death! that could refuse to f
Him that has rescu'd thousands from th
Him that to latest worlds conveys the f
Of Tamerlane and great Ulysses' name
At whose command departed saints rev
And in his moving scenes for ever live,
Past times return, and from the mould
Rise up the mighty chiefs of Greece and
Their ancient legions rally on the plain
And act their former triumphs o'er ag

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

With his pow'rful magick we depl
 umeous Penitent and guilty Shore;
 appease the wrath of human laws 15
 fair martyr in her Saviour's cause,
 ted bleeds, and by his matchless art
 al blow wounds ev'ry British heart;
 urn with beating breasts the greedy stroke,
 ld reluctant to the Romish yoke; 30
 now succeeds a motley band,
 pery pours in upon the land;
 superstition, massacre, and blood,
 rm'd from hell against the publick good;
 s on fire the holy Smithfield pile, 35
 iestcraft rages thro' the trembling isle.
 has our loyal Poet set to view
 eful scene, this wonder-working crew,
 ly tribe of persecuting elves,
 eekly damn all Christians but themselves: 40
 'rous soul disdain'd that vain pretence,
 ring to the Gospel and to sense,
 his scenes the graceful marks appear
 stian freedom and of Christian fear.
 to that noble cause which fir'd his mind 45
 er to a Popish scheme inclin'd,
 ght the favours of a Tyburn crowd,
 perjur'd hearts to foreign gods have bow'd;
 'd it always an inglorious thing
 t their praises who defam'd their king; 50

Cij

That Brunſwick with the ſays his tempoꝛal crown
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd

Great Lucan now by his unweary'd pains
Breathes Roman liberty in Engliſh ſtrains;
Dying this wealthy pledge he left behind,
'The trueſt pattern of his freeborn mind.
Four times four ages this heroick ſong
Has lain unlabour'd from its native tongue,
Which now tranſlated with its genuine fire
Shall noble thoughts of liberty inſpire,
Convince the bigot of the weighty truth,
And free from paſſive chains the Britiſh youth.
'Too long the uſeful work has been delay'd,
But well that ſeeming ill is now repaid;
Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more complete;
Not ev'ry bard the glorious theme could treat,
Not ev'ry bard that in mechanic verſe
Can a dull lovetale fluently rehearſe,
And can in lifeleſs jingling lines complain
Of the falſe nymph or the forſaken ſwain;
Vigour of ſtyle and fancy muſt combine
With majeſty of rage and pow'r divine
To make the Engliſh like the Roman ſhine: 7
Such muſt he be as Lucan was of old,
His figures ſtrong and his expreſſions bold;



With the same constant love of freedom charm'd,
 With the same passion for his country warm'd,
 Whose veins with one unvary'd tenour flow, 80
 Zealous and active like immortal Rowe.

At length, ye Sons of Servitude! awake,
 And from your necks the selfish burthen shake,
 Nor blindly nor disdainfully refuse
 This last great labour of the Laurell'd Muse; 85
 Pay the just honours to his exalted head,
 Nor whom you envy'd live in envy dead:
 Against the dead all violence cease;
 Great Chaucer now and Spenser rest in peace:
 Dryden no more the impious world upbraids, 90
 And Milton slumbers in the silent shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd in that ancient dome
 Where soon or late our British Laureates come,
 Where the fam'd poets of three ages lie,
 And to their tombs invite the curious eye, 95
 Where great Newcastle, still to wit a friend,
 To Dryden bids the stately pile ascend,
 (Immortal, glorious deed! which after times
 Shall celebrate in their exalted rhymes)
 Amongst thy kindred bards thy bones shall trust, 100
 And mix in quiet with poetick dust;

There no feign'd dangers shall alarm thy breast,
 No factious murmurs interrupt thy rest,
 Banish'd shall be all noise of worldly things,
 Of warring armies and contending kings, 105

Clasp'd in th' embraces of thy native
'Till the last welcome trump shall be
Then cloth'd with glory thou 'lt arise

TO THE MEMORY OF
NICHOLAS ROWE,

BY MR. BECKINGHAM

Is then the summons true? does parti-
De tract so early what it gave so late
Must they have chafe?—Must Rowe
And Merit moulder with the common
To the grim tyrant then so jealous grow
Writes he at human fame to build his
He met th' insulting monarch wreat
But must the robber strip the poet's
But Nature in her hoary years decay
And mellow Age drop heavily away
But the dull earthborn populace com-
And well the triumphs of his gloom
Was born for nothing, or themselves
Unlamented as they liv'd unknow-
O thou, proud Victor! tremble at
And the poet for the publick good

And set the false bewilder'd judgment right
Instructed great ideas to impart,
To warm the bosom and enrich the heart.
Are we not grateful when the lamp of day
Shoots forth a genial heat and vernal ray
To bless the honest rustick's wintry toil,
And bid the careful anxious florist smile?
Or in some clime where nearer beams about
And heats immoderate scorch the cleaving
When some fierce channel from the sev'r
Pours forth its plenty on the sunburnt soil,
Cements with lavish streams the gaping ca
And gives the hidden treasures timely birth
Do gifts like these our gratitude command
What debtors are we to the poet's hand,

TO THE
NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.
BY MR. BECKINGHAM.

When the summons true? does partial Fate
tract so early what it gave so late?
Must the grave chuse?—Must Rowe the tribute pay
and Merit moulder with the common clay?
Is the grim tyrant then so jealous grown?
Strikes he at human fame to build his own?
Has not th' insulting monarch wreath'd enow,
But must the robber strip the poet's brow?
Let Nature in her hoary years decay,
And mellow Age drop heavily away,
Let the dull earthborn populace complain,
And swell the triumphs of his gloomy reign;
Slaves born for nothing, or themselves alone,
Die unlamented as they liv'd unknown;
Let these, proud Victor! tremble at thy nod
But spare the poet for the publick good,

THE SUN, OR LAMP OF DAY, AS CALLED, IS HIS NAME;

Both universal benefits design'd,
Both sent to govern and to save mankind,
'T' unveil mysterious truths to human sight,
And set the false bewilder'd judgment right,
Instructed great ideas to impart,
To warm the bosom and enrich the heart.
Are we not grateful when the lamp of day
Shoots forth a genial heat and vernal ray
'To bless the honest rustick's wintry toil,
And bid the careful anxious florist smile?
Or in some clime where nearer beams abound,
And heats inmod'rate scorch the cleaving gro
When some fierce channel from the sev'n m
Pours forth its plenty on the sunburnt soil,
Cements with lavish streams the gaping earth,
And gives the hidden treasures timely birth?
Do gifts like these our gratitude command?

The groundless clamour
And Albroni's crimes
Pain loss and sorrow fit
Clasp'd in th' embraces
'Till the last welcome to
Then cloth'd with glori

TO THE
NICHOLA

BY MR.

Is then the summons to
Retract so early what is
Must the grave chuse?—
And Merit moulder wi
Is the grim tyrant then
Strikes he at human fan
Has not th' insulting m
But must the robber str
Let Nature in her hoar
And mellow Age drop
Let the dull earthborn
And swell the triumph
Slaves born for nothing
Die unlamented as they
Let these, proud Victor
But spare the poet for t

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

Each various note declares thy master skill, 45
How form'd to write, how worthy to extel.
To virtue steady, to thy country true,
We read the poet and the patriot too.
Does liberty demand thy loftier strain?
We gaze with wonder on thy Tamerlane, 50
Thro' ev'ry scene pursue the godlike cause,
And give the fav'rite hero full applause.
When the shrill trumpet summons him away
The warm'd spectator shares the bloody fray,
In anxious wishes feels a soldier's pride, 55
Lists in the war and combats on his side.
How does he charm when bounteous to distress,
Sedate in fight, and humble in success!
A victor yet without a victor's mind,
He conquers not t' enslave but free mankind, 60
To distant times marks out th' unerring way,
Learns kings to rule and subjects to obey,
Strikes ev'ry bosom with a sacred awe,
And shews the happy age a true Nassau.
Or if some lowly theme the poet claim, 65
Some banish'd lover or neglected dame,
Love's thousand passions all his skill employ,
The quick alternate tides of grief and joy.
How well he paints the sad extremes of Fate!
How well describes th' unhappy—happy state! 70
Each conscious sinner does his guilt confess,
And awful silence speaks the bard's success;

So well th' expressive miseries are shov
 Some tender breast still makes the woe known;
 The virgin's cheek the moving scene approves, 75
 And artless sighs betray how well she loves;
 The scornful nymph condemns her lover's disdain,
 And to her arms invites her injur'd swain

When some fair wanton * mourns her past desires,
 Love's soul embraces and unlawful fires, 80
 So soft she pleads the passion's force to melt,
 And clear the sinner through the guilt.
 The Libertine in love †
 On violated charms all his
 But soon his triumphs
 85
 The villain's crimes receive the victim's fate.
 But why on single beauties do I dwell,
 When ev'ry finish'd scene is wrote so well,

When thy vast Works are in themselves repaid,
 And modest Nature owns thy happier aid? 90
 But now the skill is lost; the musick o'er,
 And he who charm'd us once can charm no more,
 Envy at last repents her canker'd hate,
 And feels her error in her loss too late.
 To native dust now wastes the mortal frame, 95
 And nought survives the poet but his fame;
 Brave then in that o'er time or envy's rage,
 And be a Lucan to a distant age.

* Jane Shore.

† Lothario in *The Fair Penitent*.

"For us the wood, the pasture, and the field,
 "Their sev'ral grains and various flowers yield:
 "Not Pan himself can our own rights oppose, 45
 "Or crop without our leave one single rose:
 "A mutual duty still on each depends,
 "We honour Pan, and Pan our flock defends".

Thus Colin taught us slavish yokes to hate,
 And prize the freedom of our rural state. [appear,
 DAPH. See where the nymphs and swains in crowds
 Yew in their hands, their brows sad cypress wear; 52
 In solemn state see two by two they tread,
 And look with downcast eyes and bended head,
 As if not Colin but themselves were dead. 55 }

THYRS. Hark how the winds in hollow accents
 And humid pearls distil from ev'ry stone! [groan,
 The cooing turtles their lov'd elms decline,
 And goats forsake their fav'rite flow'ry thyme;
 The lambs complaining bleat, the heifers low, 60
 The ox and wether cease their cud to chew;

The vocal grove laments young Colin dead,
 For him the laurel droops and hangs its verdant head!

AMARYL. Help me, Menalcas! help me to complain;
 To tell to earth, to air, and seas, my pain: 64

Colin, the dear lov'd Colin! is no more;
 Come all ye Nymphs! and Colin's loss deplore.

For whom shall we our flow'ry chaplets weave?

Or who so well deserves the laurel wreath?

Who now can point thro' all these groves a man 70
 To celebrate the birth of mighty Pan?



Does she in secret bless some other swain?
Why, let her go—her broken faith dis- 15

MENAL. No, Thyrsis! no; a subject greater far
Than flocks, or herds, or fickle women, are
Claims all these tears, these fruitless tears, I shed;
Colin, the soft harmonious strain. 20

DAPH. Is Colin true?
Then have we cause to be true
Colin! the pride and love as you.
Admir'd by ev'ry swain,
Where'er he tun'd his true strain. 25

The nodding boughs beat time while Colin play'd,
The feather'd choir about the shepherd throng,
And prowling wolves stood list'ning to his song,
The browsing goats from rocky cliffs descend,
Charm'd with his voice the savage brutes attend. 30

THYRS. O mighty Pan! who now shall chant thy
And who record thy fame in tuneful lays? [praise,
Where is that he of all the sylvan swains
Can equal Colin's soft harmonious strains?
If the dear subject of his song was love, 35
Sweet as the Hybla drops his verses prove;
If glorious liberty the youth asserts,
How did he warm our souls and fire our hearts!

MENAL. Now ev'ry maxim which the shepherd
Occurs afresh and dwells in ev'ry thought. [taught
"Our flocks", said he, "and feather'd kind, produce
"Their diff'rent off-spring for their owner's use; 42

What agonies of woe rend Daphne's breast!
She whom he lov'd—and she who lov'd him best!
Methinks I hear her to her babe complain,
The only relick of her darling swain:
The child she tells his ev'ry art and grace,
And with her tears bedews the infant's face,
Whilst the poor babe, unknowing of her cares,
Cooes in her face and smiles at all her tears.

AN ODE SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

N. ROWE, ESQ.

BY THE REV. MR. NEWCOMB.

I.

W^HILE o'er thy hearth with sad surprise
And solemn grief the Muses mourn,
Permit a stranger's flowing eyes
To shed their sorrows round thy urn.

II.

Just in the bloom of all thy fame,
Then to assert thy native sky
Absolves impartial Heav'n from blame,
And seems as it was thy choice to die.

III.

Thus the great Caesar ceas'd to live,
Thro' vanquish'd worlds his Eagles bore;
Thus clos'd his fame when Fate cou'd give
And his bright sword command no more.

Like Colin who can Flora's sweets display,
 Or paint the gaudy treasures of her May?
 Or who like him can tune the eaten reed,
 Or tread with such a grace th' enamell'd mead? 75
 Mourn, all ye Nymphs! your tears incessant shed,
 Your tribute is all too poor for him that is dead.

THYRS. Would but relentless Fate our wishes aid,
 And give to substance back his airy shade,
 As Pluto once Eurydice of old, 80
 A tale I well remember Colin told,
 To purchase that my tears like thine should flow,
 But this is fruitless grief and pageant wo.

Hark, Amaryllis, hark! thy bleating lambs
 Amongst the brakes have lost their udder'd dams;
 Haste to retrieve them ere too far they stray, 86
 And fall to hungry wolves an easy prey. [I'll hold,

AMARYLLIS. Why, let 'em stray, my crook no more
 My herds no more—no more my flocks, I'll fold;
 No more will I with daisy pink and rose 90
 A garland for the queen of May compose,
 Since Colin is gone, by whom it was still confest
 That I of all the nymphs deserv'd it best.

The winds shall useless prove to fleets at sea,
 And flow'rs supply no honey to the bee, 95
 When, Colin! I forget to mourn for thee.

MENAL. If Amaryllis charm'd by Colin's verse
 Can shed such floods of tears upon his hearse,
 Who then can guess the pain, the anxious throes,
 Which the dear partner of his pleasure knows? 100

IX.

The fields of death once more to stain
 What future hero will refuse?
 Or dying dread one moment's pain
 To live for ever in thy Misfit?

X.

Not far, O! far before the rest
 Great Cato does his arm extend,
 And in his smiles his love consist,
 Adores thy shade and calls thee friend.

XI.

Well pleas'd with ev'ry grace adorn'd
 So like his own a mind to see,

**And the great homage which he scorn'd
 'To Cæsar's sword he pays to thee.**

XII.

New transport does his breast dilate,
 Within his soul new passions rise,
 'To view Rome's wounds and Pompey's fate
 So kindly wept by English eyes.

XIII.

While taught by thee Britannia's isle
 His hero's fall relenting views,
 He seems beneath his wounds to smile,
 And Cæsar's self at last subdues.

XIV.

Africk's rich deserts in thy strains
 Ennoble with the patriot's doom,
 Excel the flow'ry Latian plains,
And Libya triumphs over Rome;

IV.

With smiles he views the glitt'ring blade,
In that great moment fond to die
When Rome beheld her hero's shade
But mount the fairer up the sky. 16

V.

What pensive Muse now thou art fled
Shall o'er Pharsalia's * warriors mourn?
Whose voice lament the pious dead,
And kindly weep o'er Pompey's urn? 20

VI.

Whose soft relenting verse shall swell
Each Roman heart with conscious woe?
Her genius fled Rome's sorrow tell,
And Caesar dying o'er his foe? 24

VII.

Round his great rival's awful head
He views a glory still survive,
Sighing † that fame and virtue dead
He cou'd not own, or scorn'd alive; 28

VIII.

Nor mingling with the godlike host
Who at Philippi greatly fell,
Each Roman thanks thy pious ghost
That sung his arms and fate so well. 32

* The excellent translation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.

† Caesar is reported by the poet to have wept when Pompey's head was brought to him in Egypt.

IX.

The fields of death once more to stain
What future hero will refuse?
Or dying dread one moment's pain
To live for ever in thy Muse?

X.

But far, O! far before the rest
Great Cato does his arm extend,
And in his smiles his love confess,
Adores thy shade and calls thee friend.

XI.

Well pleas'd with ev'ry grace adorn'd
So like his own a mind to see,
And the great homage which he scorn'd
To Cæsar's sword he pays to thee.

XII.

New transport does his breast dilate,
Within his soul new passions rise,
'To view Rome's wounds and Pompey's fate:
So kindly wept by English eyes.

XIII.

While taught by thee Britannia's isle
His hero's fall relenting views,
He seems beneath his wounds to smile,
And Cæsar's self at last subdues.

XIV.

Africk's rich deserts in thy strains
Ennobled with the patriot's doom,
Excel the flow'ry Latian plains,
And Libya triumphs over Rome;

XV.

Whose grateful sons to moan the brave
 Despairing in thy Muse are seen,
 Hiding each faithful warrior's grave
 With friendly tears and blooming green. 60

XVI.

In words like thine had they a choice
 Once more above their fate to try,
 Thus with their last expiring voice
 Would each lament his Rome and die. 64

XVII.

Surprise or joy alike to yield
 Thy various artful Muse was made,
 To dress the warrior for the field,
 Or paint the lover in his shade. 68

XVIII.

Now in the eager chase of fame
 With some brave chief you upward fly,
 Now sink, and teach some virgin name
 In softer numbers how to die. 72

XIX.

Those forms which to our wond'ring mind
 Thy fancy paints new glories wear,
 While love and friendship seem most kind,
 And beauty's self appears more fair. 76

XX.

Such force fair Virtue does impart
 By thee presented to our view,
 It moves and melts each stubborn heart,
 Her brightness cannot quite subdue. 80

XXI.

While drest in angels' purest light
Her smiling image does appear
Pleasing as beauty to the sight
Or musick to the ravish'd ear.

XXII.

Would she once more her skies forsale
What other features could she chuse,
What fairer form the goddess take,
'To bless mankind than from thy Mu

XXIII.

Transported then with fond surprise
The lovely guest we should adore,
And wonder how our partial eyes
Refus'd to own such grace before.

XXIV.

Till viewing those deceiving charms
Each breast subdued, we all agree
That pow'r which thus our soul disar
Was not her own but lent by thee.

XXV.

Greatness no more with all her train
The virtuous mind shall now beguile
By thee instructed to disdain
When glory calls the Siren's smile.

XXVI.

No more * renown and specious fame
Shall strive Ambition's rage to hide,

* See Mons. Bruyere's Characters, or Maxims, published from the French by Mr. Rowe.

Nor honour be a treach'rous name
To shade the tyrant's guilty pride.

104

XXVII.

The brave and gen'rous breast to awe,
The honest upright heart to gain,
The coward's hand his sword shall dra
The courtier's smiles be try'd in vain.

108

XXVIII.

Against that dread ~~thy~~ ~~danger~~ unfold
To arm our breasts i
Soon as the tragick t
We melt, we languil..

112

The soul a while her ground maintains,
Each death resolving to deride,
But when the captive tells her pains
That softness owns she strove to hide.

116

XXX.

To view her rage direct the dart
Wakes in our breast a kind surpris,
Speaking the frailty of our heart
By the soft streams that fill our eyes.

120

XXXI.

Eager our souls to bring relief
Swift from their op'ning bosom flow,
To sooth the mourning parent's grief,
Or guard the infant from the blow.

124

XXXII.

So lively has each nymph complain'd
When Fate thy Muse despairing drew,

4

'That tho' we know her sorrows feign'd
Yet still we weep and think them true.

XXXIII.

A while we argue to persuade
Our melting eyes to hide their wo,
Till to their view the lovely maid
Reveals her wounds and bids them flow.

XXXIV.

Thy artful voice with equal ease
Each diff'rent passion can employ,
Now give us pain, but to increase
And from our grief improve our joy.

XXXV.

Who in your soft deceiving strains
With those kind conquerors agree,
Who threaten first the dreadful chains
Then set the trembling captive free.

XXXVI.

What raptures does thy verse infuse
When beauty does the theme inspire!
What heat transports thy soaring Muse
If scenes of war thy bosom fire!

XXXVII.

While for bright fame or gay delight
Each hero you alike prepare,
Lead the fierce warrior to the fight,
Or the young lover to the fair;

XXXVIII.

Nature astonish'd at thy art
Calls on thy Muse a jealous eye,

Her joys unable to impart,
Or longer please when thou art by.

152

XXXIX.

The artist thus his skill to grace
Some beauteous breathing form design'd,
Forfakes the virgin's cheek to trace
Features more bright in his own mind.

156

XL.

Each glowing charm the canvass fires
Does with delight the nymph surprise,
Who owes that beauty she admires
More to his pencil than her eyes.

160

XLI.

What tho' our laurels fairer rise,
And from thy ashes date their bloom?
We pay too dearly for the prize
Thus sadly purchas'd by thy doom.

164

XLII.

Pity, ye Gods! that doubtful dart
Which your mysterious anger threw
Should give at once both joy and smart,
Augment our fame and sorrow too.

168

XLIII.

Just so the skies, severely bright,
Their vengeful lightnings oft' employ,
And gild that oak with fairer light
They mean next moment to destroy.

172

XLIV.

How mournful is the only choice
Your heav'ns afford our breast to ease!

Or to lament thy dying voice,
Or never hope our own thou'd please!

176

XLV.

Thus to the heirs of bright renown
The purple you a while deny,
Who ere they boast the regal crown
Must view their king and parent die.

180

XLVI.

Strange! that the glories which we claim
From thy sad fate no pleasures give,
'The fair increase of all our fame
'The only cause for which we grieve.

181

XLVII.

See Shakespeare's awful rev'rend shade
Rising his fav'rite to adore!
And binds thy brows with laurel made
By Fame to shade his own before*.

XLVIII.

To thy indulgence pleas'd to owe
The terrors that his Muse imparts,
To swell our eye the scenes of wo,
The moving dread to shake our hearts.

XLIX.

The diff'rent fates of all that reign
Distinguish'd in whose Muse appear,
What the good man may hope to gain,
And what the daring tyrant fear.

* To Mr. Rowe the publick are obliged for T
Shakespeare, which he took great pains to collect.

L.

Whose tragick voice shall next presume
 To fill our breasts with sad despair?
 Or trembling for the lover's doom,
 Or anxious for the dying fair? 200

LI.

To tears whose sighs her wrongs confess
 Our eyes with soft compassion flow,
 Teaching thy virgin's feign'd distress
 To give our bosom real woe. 204

LII.

In vain we ask our reason's aid
 To stop our tears or ease our pain;
 To view thy fair repenting Maid
 Each cheek must swell each heart complain. 208

LIII.

O! sooth her anguish! calm her grief!
 O! quickly to her refuge fly!
 O! bring the fainting fair relief,
 Or with her give us leave to die! 212

LIV.

Such moving scenes thy Muse unfolds,
 Constrain'd its anguish to declare,
 A savage heart each bosom holds
 That can attend and not despair. 216

LV.

What wonders does thy verse contain,
 What magick thro' thy numbers flows!
 Pleas'd with our grief we then complain,
 Then only when we want our woes! 220

LVI.

No eye those sorrows does refuse
Thy pensive maids expiring give,
Scarce more delighted when thy Muse
Suspends their fate and bids 'em live.

LVII.

Strange that our cheeks shou'd grieve the more
When you the falling tear restrain!
And to forbid us to deplore
Should only give us greater pain!

LVIII.

Thus trembling for her lover's fate
A while the virgin's sorrows flow,
Owing to hear his sighs abate
Her joy more painful than her wo.

LIX.

Oh! may each Muse with sorrows meet
Soft as thy own thy worth declare,
Since nothing but a voice so sweet
Can ever sing a fame so fair.

LX.

A second life to thy great dead
Thy kind inspiring numbers gave;
Had we that pow'r the tears we shed
Had sell to wet some other grave.

LXI.

Thine like each fabled hero's age
Thyself with virtue didst inspire,
And acting well on life's frail stage
Dost with the same applause retire.

MISCELLANIE

UNIO.

DUM Rosa purpureo suffunditur ora rubore,
 Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calet.
 Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras
 Et jam blanda fuit
 Ut videt alternis an
 Quæ regit hortorum
 Fælices jubet hinc cunctant in fœdera, utrisque
 Unus, & ex Uno stemmate surgat honos.
 Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spinæ,
 Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
 Her freshest op'ning beauties did disclose,
 Her the rough Thistle from a neighb'ring field
 With fond desires and lovers' eyes beheld;
 Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
 And wooes the gentle flow'r with softer arts:
 Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
 And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.

Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
 Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
 And crowns the gardens with their flow'ry pride,
 With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine
 To favour what their goddesses did design,
 And bid them in eternal Union join.

"Henceforth," she said "in each returning year
 "One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear;

MISCELLANIES.

Thistle's lasting grace thou, O my Rose! shalt be,
The warlike Thistle's arms a sure defence to thee."

MÆCENAS.

*Feast occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Hon.
the Earl of Halifax, 1714, being that Year installed
Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.*

HOEBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race.
The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth,
Adorn'd the patriot with the civic crown,
The Consul's fasces and Patrician gown;
The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the streams of treasure where to flow;
To him he bad the suppliant nations come,
And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome.
The god of Wit, who taught him first to sing
And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
"Forbear," he cry'd, "to rob me of my share;
Our common fav'rite is our common care;
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
The service of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian star an emblem shine;
His mind and her imperial seat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Thespian Maids!
The willing Muses the command obey'd,
And wove the deathless laurel for his head."

VERSES

MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the hall,
 When John the butler and our Mary
 About the plate and linen vary,
 Till the smart dialogue grows rich
 In Sneaking Dog! and Ugly Bitch! 5
 Down comes my lady like the devil,
 And makes them silent all and civil.
 Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
 And scatters tempests brewing there;
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease. 12

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

FIRSTCOMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAT-MARKET.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
 And ready at his call
 Harmonious brick and stone conspire
 To raise the Theban wall. 4
 In emulation of his praise
 Two Latian Signors come
 A sinking theatre to raise,
 And prop Van's tott'ring dome. 8
 But how this last should come to pass
 Must still remain unknown,
 Since these poor gentlemen, alas!
 Bring neither brick nor stone. 12

Tho' mean **in the verse**, tho' lowly be the strain,
 Tho' least **regarded** be the Muse of all the tuneful train
 Yet rise, neglected Nymph! avow thy flame,
 Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim
 To make thy numbers equal to thy theme: 15
 From Heav'n derive thy verse; to Heav'n belong
 The counsels of the wise and battles of the strong;
 To Heav'n the royal Anna owes alone
 The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
 Thence is her justice wretches to redress,
 Thence is her mercy and her love of peace,
 Thence is her pow'r, her sceptre, uncontroll'd
 To bend the stubborn and repress the bold,
 For peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
 To heal their breaches and to sooth their rage:

My taunting sons and kindle them to war ;
With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy Land ! the foremost once in fame,
Once lifting to the stars thy noble name, 45
In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
The western kingdoms' envy and their fear,
Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour and thy first renown ?
How art thou sunk among the nations now ! 50
How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from
thy brow !

*Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,*

E iii

But oft' alternate made the victors yield, 55
 And prov'd their might in many a well fought field;
 Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in Moorish blood;
 Then in heroick arms their knights excell'd;
 The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd: 60
 Then ev'ry nobler thought their minds did move,
 And those who fought for freedom figh'd for love.
 Like one those sacred flames united live,
 At once they languish and at once revive;
 Alike they shun the coward and the slave, 65
 But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
 Nor frown, ye Fair! nor think my verse untrue;
 Tho' we disdain that man should man subdue
 Yet all the freeborn race are slaves alike to you. }

Yet once again that glory to restore 70
 The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.
 With echoing peals at Anna's high command
 Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land;
 High at their head Iberia's promis'd lord,
 Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword;
 His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow, 76
 Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe;
 With joy he reads in ev'ry warrior's face
 Some happy omen of a sure success,
 Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand, 80
 And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor Fate denies what first his wishes name,
 Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
 With the first laurel binds his youthful brows, {flows.
 And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath be

But soon the equal of his youthful year 86

Philip of Bourbon's haughty line, app

Like hopes attend his birth, like glori ice,

(If glory can be in a tyrant's race;)

In numbers proud he threats no more 90

But nearer draws the black impending r;

He views his host, then scorns the rebel own,

And dooms to certain death the rival o his crown.

Now fame and empire, spoils

That urge the hero and re 95

Plac'd in their view alik engage,

And fire their breasts wi ortal rage.

Not lawless love, not vengeance pair, }

So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are }

As when ambition prompts the great to war; 100 }

As youthful kings when striving for renown [crown.

They prove their might in arms and combat for a

Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long

Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung,

Till forc'd at length, disdaining much to yield, 105

Charles to his rival quits the fatal field;

Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,

And ev'n the British valour seems to fail;

And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,

Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame, 110

They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share, }

Above distress, unconquer'd by despair, }

Still to defend the town and animate the war.

But lo! when ev'ry better hope was past,

When ev'ry day of danger seem'd their last, 115

Far on the distant ocean they survey
 Where a proud navy ploughs its wat'ry way;
 Nor long they doubted, but with joy descrie
 Upon the chief's tall topmasts waving high
 The British Cross and Belgick Lion fly. 120

Loud with tumult'ous clamour, loud they rear
 Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air;
 In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious skies,
 While from below old Ocean groans profound, 125
 The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,
 Ring with the deaf'ning shock, and thunder all
 around!

Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd
 Who by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd
 Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd, 130
 When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd,
 Numbers and ev'ry other want supply'd,
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd,
 Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome. 135

But oh! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal
 Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel!
 Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
 And tell the anguish of his lab'ring heart!
 What paint, what speaking pencil, shall express 140
 The blended passions striving in his face!

*Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,
 With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest curse.
 Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous charms
 Include mankind to toil for thee in arms,* 145

**When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of pow'r and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain!**

**All hail! ye softer happier arts of peace, 150
Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease,
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field:
But chief thee, goddess Muse! my Verse would raise,
And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise; 155
Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade
Thy verdant everliving laurels laid!**

**There safe, no pleasures there, no pains, they know }
But those which from thy sacred raptures flow, }
Nor wish for crowns but what thy groves bestow. }
Me, Nymph divine! nor scorn my humble pray'r, 160
Receive unworthy to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler tho' more lowly fate,
Nor wishing once nor knowing to be great;
Me to thy peaceful haunts inglorious bring, 165
Where secret thy celestial sisters sing, }
Fast by their sacred hill and sweet Cuthalian spring }**

In vain his echoing trumpets' loud alarms
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
 Careless of fame as of their monarch's fate,
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they sat,
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd, 180
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their guard,
 Untouch'd with shame the noble strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field,
 But fought in the cold shade and rural seat
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat, 185
 Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull indifference
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to Chance. }

So when commanded by the wife of Jove
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above, 190
 And swift descending on her painted bow
 Sought the dull god of Sleep in shades below,
 Nodding and slow his drowsy head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred message heard,
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain, 195
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.

But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful toil forsake,
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
 Nor chuse in melancholy strains to tell
 Each harder chance the juster cause befell: 200

Or rather turn, auspicious turn, thy flight
 Where Marlborough's heroick arms invite,
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.

See where at once Ramillia's noble field 205
 Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield!

The roar ascends promise'ous; groans and cries
 The drums, the cannons' burst, the shout, suppli
 One universal anarchy of noise!
 One din confus'd, sound mixt and lost in sound,
 Echoes to all the frighted cities round!
 Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,
 Stain the bright day and taint the purer skies,
 While flashing flames like lightning dart between
 And fill the horror of the fatal scene! 2
 Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter, roam,
 Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin treads,
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds,
 While fierce Bellona thunders in her car, 225 }
 Shakes terrible her fleely whip from far,
 And with new rage revives the fainting war!
 So when two currents rapid in their course
 Rush to a point and meet with equal force,
 The angry billows rear their heads on high, 230 }
 Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly,
 And rising cloud the air with misty spray;
 The raging flood is heard from far to coast
 By list'ning shepherds on the distant shore,
 While much they fear what ill it should portend, 235 }
 And wonder why the wat'ry gods contend.

High in the middle Britanna's warlike chief,
 Too greatly bold and prodigal of life,
 Is seen to press where death and dangers call;
 Where the war bleeds and where the thickest fall }
 He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul. 241
 Like heat diffus'd his great example warms,
 And animates the Social warriors' arms,
 Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
 Makes the young heroes and renews the old. 245
 In forms divine around him watchful wait
 The guardian Genii of the British state;
 Justice and Truth his steps unerring guide,
 And faithful Loyalty defends his side; 249
 Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his labours cheer'd;
 But chief the angel of his queen was there,
 The Union Cross his silver shield did bear, }
 And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear;
 While Victory celestial soars above, 253
 Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
 Hangs o'er the chief whom she delights to bless,
 And ever arms his sword with sure success,
 Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy, 259
 Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
 Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
 Or such the painter * did the hero feign,
 Where rushing on and fierce, he seems to ride }
 With graceful ardour and majestic pride, 264
 With all the gods of Greece and Fortune on his side.

* Le Brun.

MISCELLANIES.

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince
 Labours the fight unequal to maintai
 He sees it is doom'd his fatal friend t
 Shall share the shame, and in one ruin
 Flies from the foe too oft' in battle tr
 And Heav'n contending on the victo
 'Then mourns his rash ambition's crit
 And yields reluctant to the force of
 So when Æneas thro' night's gloom
 The dreadful forms of hostile gods si
 Hopeless he left the burning town ar
 Saw it was in vain to prop declining
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to

What vast reward, O Europe! sha
 To him who sav'd thee on this glori
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations! whe
 And heap the victor's laurel on his b

In ev'ry land, in ev'ry city, freed
 Let the proud column rear its marbl
 To Marlborough and Liberty decre
 Rich with his wars, triumphal arch
 To teach your wond'ring sons the h
 To him your skilful bards their vers
 For him the tuneful voice be taught
 The breathing pipe shall swell, fl
 trembling string.

O happy thou, where peace for ev
 Britannia! noblest of the ocean's isle
 Fair Queen! who do't amidst thy w
 And stretch thy empire o'er the se

What transports in thy parent bosom tell'd
When Fame at first the pleasing story told !
How didst thou lift thy tow'ry front on high !
Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove, [prove,
How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy choice ap-
And fixt success where thou hadst fixt thy love ! 301
How with regret his absence didst thou mourn !
How with impatience wait his wish'd return !
How were the winds accus'd for his delay !
How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to wash him on his way

At length he comes, he ceases from his toil,
Like kings of old returning from the spoil :
'To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes their joy and grateful thanks to share,
Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,
And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet ;
While form'd alike for labours or for ease,
In camps to thunder or in courts to please,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care
In all his dangers, all his triumphs, share :
Conq'ring he lends the wellpleas'd fair new grace
And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face ;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious arms 319
With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their
 charms.

*Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauteous store
So rich she seem'd incapable of more,
Now things with graces never known before ;*

transporting joy she seems to burn, 325

Her feature takes a sprightly turn ;

are seen to sparkle in her eyes,

blooming cheek fresh roses rise ;

Each passion heightens each bright hue,

to touch the finish'd piece anew, 330

That Nature's bounteous hand had giv'n,

the fairest workmanship of Heav'n.

Like this in courts is only found,

to all the grateful people round :

Inds inur'd to rural toil, 335

flocks and turn the mellow soil,

wise their honest hearts express,

the warrior who protects the peace,

the foe aloof, and drives afar

the ravage of the wasting war : 340

The troyer cuts the rip'ning crop,

the harvest and deludes their hope ;

wretches fly with wild amaze,

running back and see their dwellings blaze ;

chain no mournful captives know, 345

the threats of the insulting foe,

in laughs, the fruitful fields abound,

the voice of Mirth is heard to sound,

doles her various bounties round. }

the village and the wealthy town 350

join their happiness to own.

And Anna's gentlest reign afford,

by Marlborough's conqu'ring sword.

ever honour'd, name ! O thou

the greatest William once below ! 355

What place foe'er thy virtues now possess
Near the bright source of everlasting bless,
Where'er exalted to ethereal height
Radiant with stars thou tread'st the fields of light,
Thy seats divine, thy Heav'n, a while forsake, 363
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppression and prevail'd the right. }
What once below such still thy pleasures are; 365
Europe and Liberty are still thy care:
Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal, mind }
Is ever to the publick good inclin'd,
Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind. }
Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift, 371
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counsels and laborious wars,
Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,
Fights to secure an empire not his own, 375
Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown. }
At length thy pray'r, O pious Prince! is heard,
Heav'n has at length in its own cause appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul; 381
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace and justice, shall succeed; }
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed. }
One triumph yet, my Muse! remains behind;
Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find:

On Lombard plains beyond his Alpine hills
 Louis the force of hostile Britain feels:
 Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
 And distant wars her wealthy sons supply;
 From slow unactive courts they grieve to hear 390
 Eugene, a name to ev'ry Briton dear,
 By tedious languishing delays is held
 Repining and impatient from the field,
 While factious statesmen riot in excess,
 And lazy priests who provinces possess, 395
 Of unregarded want complain,
 And the starv'd soldier id in vain:
 At once with gen'ral indignation warm
 Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm:
 Straight eager to the field he speeds away, 400
 There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay
 The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day. }
 Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,
 Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
 Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head, 405
 Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead.
 Again their crests the German Eagles rear,
 Stretch their broad wings and fan the Latian air;
 Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
 And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul. 410
 The chief commands, and soon in dread array
 Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
 With hardy marches and successful haste
 O'er ev'ry barrier fortunate they pass'd }
 Which Nature or the skilful foe had plac'd. 415 }

The foe in vain with Gallick arts attend
To mark which way the wary leader bend
Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise,
Lurks where tall woods and thickest coveries
And meanly hopes a conquest from surprise
Now with swift horse the plain around he sweeps
And oft' advances and as oft' retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force he sits
Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams
While river gods in vain exhaust their fountains
From plenteous urns the gushing torrent
Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plains
And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain
Alike they pass the plain and closer woods
Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood
Unshaken still pursue the steadfast course,
And where they want their way they find

But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince
And roll ill boding in his careful breast:
Oft' he revolves the ruins of the great,
And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
The hapless mark of Fortune's cruel sport
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support
From the slow bounties of a foreign court
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat
His glory once and empire's ancient seat
*He sees from far where wide destruction
And fiery show'rs the goodly town invade
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state
And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate*

But great Eugene prevents his ev'ry
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be then
 Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way
 Nor all the Gallick pow'rs, his promis'd
 Like Truth itself, unknowing how to fa
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must
 Thus ever certain doe
 Bound by the law of J
 Thus constant to his cou
 Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is
 And to a moment keeps his fix'd return. [borne,
 Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
 Their friendly succour for the brave prepare,
 And on the foe united bend the war. 459
 O'er the steep trench and rampart's guarded height
 At once they rush and drive the rapid flight :
 With idle arms the Gallick legions seem
 To stem the rage of the resistless stream ;
 At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the field : 465
 Resistance ceases, and it is war no more ;
 At once the vanquish'd own the victor's pow'r :
 Thro'out the field where'er they turn their fight
 'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight. 469
 Swift to their rescu'd friends their joys they bear,
 With life and liberty at once they cheer,
 And save them in the moment of despair.
 So timely to the aid of sinking Rome
 With active haste did great Camillus come ;

So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd
And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Lou
And leave at length the lab'ring world
Lest Heav'n disclose some yet more fatal
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin ;
Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre
And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn
Lest urg'd at length thy own repining slave
Tho' fond of burdens and in bondage bound
Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT

TO LADY WARWICK

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bow'r crown'd
The summit of a neighb'ring hill,
Where ev'ry rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around
To wait like servants on her will;

II.

I went and found it was as they said,
That ev'ry thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her herds in flow'ry pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the greenwood shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

III.

*But when I found my troubled heart
Uneasy grown within my breast,*

breath came short, and in each part
 a new disorder seem'd to start,
 Each pain'd me sore and broke my rest.

IV.

Some noxious vapour sure," I said,
 From this unwholesome soil must rise;
 Some secret venom is convey'd
 Or from this field or from that shade
 That does the pow'rs of life surprise."

V.

Soon as the skilful leech beheld
 The change that in my health was grown,
 "Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field;
 Diseases which such symptoms yield
 Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone."

VI.

"Alike she kills in ev'ry air;
 "The coldest breast her beauties warm;
 "And tho' the fever took you there,
 "If Chloe had not been so fair
 "The place had never done you harm."

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty th' other day
 Chanc'd to take me in their way,
 And to make the favour greater
 Brought the Graces and Goodnature,
 Conversation care beguiling,
 Joy in dimples ever smiling,

All the pleasures here below
Men can ask or gods bestow.
A jolly train, believe me! No :
There were but two, Lepell * and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD

TO MRS. A——— D———.

I.

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way ;

II.

And as she passed by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
"What a shame," quoth she,
"For a swain must it be
"Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

"And dost thou nothing heed
"What Pan our god has decreed,
"What a prize to-day
"Shall be giv'n away
"To the sweetest shepherd's reed ?

IV.

"There is not a single swain
"Of all this fruitful plain
"But with hopes and fears

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harve

" Now busily prepares
" The bonny boon to gain.

20

V.

" Shall another maiden shine
" In brighter array than thine?
" Up, up, dull Swain!
" Tune thy pipe once again,
" And make the garland

25

" Alas, my Love!" he cr
" What avails this courtl
" Since thy dear desert
" Is written in my heart
" What is all the world b

30

VII.

" To me thou art more gay
" In this homely ruffet grey
" Than the nymphs of our green
" So trim and so sheen,
" Or the brightest queen of May.

35

VIII.

" What tho' my fortune frown
" And deny thee a filken gown?
" My own dear Maid!
" Be content with this shade
" And a shepherd all thy own."

40

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,

ON THE SIGHT OF

TWO PINDARICK ODES

ON THE Sullen and Vanity.

*Written by a Lady * Her Friend.*

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend:
To your good nature I securely trust,
Who know that to conceal is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone
From friends, acquaintance, and the light, would
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confident by chance she finds (tho' few
Pity the fools whom love or verse undo)
Whose fond compassion sooths her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure in the better ages of old time
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From Heav'n they both, the gods' best gifts, w
Divinely perfect both and innocent. [6
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might blush to own
Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artless their loves, artless their numbers, were,
While Nature simply did in both appear,
Nor could the censor or the critick fear.

* Anne Countess of Winchelsea.

pleas'd they took what Heav'n be-
 curious of the giv'n good. [flow'd,
 ce Indians fond of fancy'd toys, 26
 g happy to be thought more wise.
 age to punish verse and sin
 hangmen both at once came in.
 laws had both the same ill fate, 30
 tyrants sway'd in either state.
 sure would be sure to damn
 of independent fame,

grown old and harden'd in offence
 to write on in spite of sense. 35
 s friends, th' invader brought along }
 reign words into our tongue }
 enslave the freeborn English song; }
 railing faction propt his throne,
 volumes let his Plays run on; 40
 tide of verse with vicious rage
 n the morals of the age.
 whose art was once the mind to move
 ing and to virtuous love)
 a pleasure mix'd no more profest, 45
 double-meaning bawdy jest;
 g sounds offend the blushing fair,
 em from the guilty theatre. [sprung,
 d Bards! from whom these ills have
 enging pow'rs have spar'd too long, 50
 ou fear the blow will surely come;
 has no Ten t' avert its doom,

Unless the fair Ardelia will alone
To heav'n for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can Ten saints do more than such a One: 55
Since she alone of the poetick crowd
To the false gods of Wit has never bow'd,
The empire which she saves shall own her sway,
And all Parnassus her blest'd laws obey.

Say from what sacred fountain, Nymph divine! 60
The treasures flow which in thy verse do shine?
With what strange inspiration art thou blest!
What more than Delphick ardour warms thy breast!
Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came. 65
To numbers great like thine th' angelick quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing with pitying eyes our cares, with thee
They wisely own that "All is vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know, 70
And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those blest'd mansions reach,
And mortal Muses may immortal teach,
In verse like his the heav'nly nation raise
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise: 75
Nor shall celestial harmony disdain
For once to imitate an earthly strain,
Whose fame secure no rival e'er can fear,
But those above and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view, 80
And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue,
Safe thro' the Dithyrambick stream she steer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd.

to the rest, who with successless pain
 'unnavigable torrent try'd in vain, 85
 to Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood
 while the Etruscans struck with wonder stood
 midst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd;
 the matchless dame could only stem the tide,
 and gain the glory of the farther side. 90 }
 See with what pomp the antick mask comes in,
 the various forms of the fantastick spleen!
 in empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
 false joy, bred by false hope and falser fears,
 the vice, each passion, which pale Nature wears 95
 this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears,
 the Bays's dance confus'dly round they run,
 the wits, the coquette, gay sop and pensive nun,
 the sages and heroes, husbands and their wives,
 the Monkish drones that dream away their lives. 100
 long have I labour'd with the dire disease,
 nor found but from Ardelia's numbers ease:
 the dancing verse runs thro' my sluggish veins,
 where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
 the cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste, 105
 and to returning joy resign my breast;
 when free from ev'ry pain I did endure
 tis the charming author of my cure.
 when to Saul the great musician play'd 109 }
 the sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd, [shade.
 and left the monarch's breast to seek some safer

The Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the
Who chain loud storms and still the raging
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover safe again.

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of ev'ry joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood.

III.

Ah, fairest Maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his just reward ordain,
For his return thy pious wishes join,
That thou at length mayst pay him for his pain.

IV.

And since his love does him no harm,

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
 When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise,
 When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
 Sooth all thy senses and thy passions raise; 24

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
 Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn,
 Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere
 Till thy own truest Lycidas return. 28

TO LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

When fraught with all that grateful minds can move
 With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love,
 The Muse had with'd on this returning day
 Something most worthy of herself to say,
 To Jove she offer'd up an humble pray'r 5
 To take the noble Warwick to his care;
 "Give him," she said, "what'er diviner grace
 "Adorns the soul or beautifies the face;
 "Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
 "And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth:
 "Give him to fame, to virtue, to aspire, 11
 "Worthy our songs and thy informing fire;
 "All various praise, all honours let him prove,
 "Let men admire, and sighing virgins love;
 "With honest zeal inslave his generous mind 15
 "To love his country and protect mankind."

Attentive to her pray'r the god reply'd,
 "Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?
 "Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his pow'r,
 "And making what he is can add no more:
 "Yet since I joy in what I did create
 "I will prolong the fav'rite Warwick's state, [date."
 "And lengthen out his years to some uncommon

TO LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph! your searches
 And trace its rolling circuit round the sun, [run,
 You seem'd the world beneath you to survey
 With eyes ordain'd to give its people day;
 With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,
 While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
 How did those rays your happier empire gild!
 How clothe the flow'ry mead and fruitful field!
 Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
 And laughing Joy amidst its natives play'd.

Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
 No friendly moon reflects your absent light:
 And oh! when yet ere many years are past
 Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
 When some young hero with resolute art
 Shall draw those eyes and warm that virgin heart,
 How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
 And want those suns that rise for them no more!
 The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
 And for his sake your world must be undone.

To distant climes the fair Belinda flies;
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found:
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain; 6
One only joy which in her heart she wears
The dear companion of her flight she bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his gods he took,
But to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place. 12

- The first part of the poem describes Belinda's flight from the burning of Troy. She is a beautiful woman who is fleeing from the destruction of her home. She is leaving behind her vassals and her possessions, and she is seeking a new home in a foreign land. The poem is written in a simple, direct style, and it is easy to see why it was so popular in the 18th century.
- The second part of the poem describes Æneas's flight from Troy. He is a brave warrior who is fighting to save his home. He is leaving behind his family and his possessions, and he is seeking a new home in a foreign land. The poem is written in a simple, direct style, and it is easy to see why it was so popular in the 18th century.



EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM

On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of Cato, occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Cælia sat;
But tho' her pride forbade her eyes to flow
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious streams she mourns, 5
Like twenty river gods with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritick face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place.
Here Nature reigns and passion void of art,
For this road leads directly to the heart. 10

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata sui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ficcis Cælia fixa sedet;
At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua. 6
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera natura est, non personata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ. 10

EPIGRAM

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

Tho' in the Commons' House you did prevail,
 Good Sir Cleeve Moore and gentle Master Hale!
 Yet on good luck be cautious of relying;
 Burges for Bramber is no place to die in.
 Your predecessors have been oddly fated;
 Apgill and Shippen have been both translated. 6

EPIGRAM

*On the Prince of Wales, then Regent, appearing at the
 Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.*

Thy Guardian, blest Britannia! scorns to sleep
 When the sad subjects of his father weep;
 Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
 He faces danger and so makes it less.
 Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
 He knows to save is greater than destroy. 6

ODES.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious rising Year!
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time!
Where thy golden footsteps tread 5
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train:
Mute! strike the lyre to some immortal strain.
But oh! what skill, what master-hand,
Shall govern or constrain the wanton band! 10
Loose like my verse they dance, and all without com-
Images of fairest things [mand.
Crowd about the speaking strings;
Peace and sweet Prosperity,
Faith and cheerful Loyalty, 15
With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

II.

Ye scowling Shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the purple day!
Ev'ry fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and fullen as a storm, 20
Jealous Fear and false Surmise,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, Fury, all are fled,
And bold Rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious Year! behold 25
To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!

ry open nonet grace;
hou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See the sacred scion springs,
See the glad promise of a line of kings! 35
Royal Youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praise like thine,
Shall in some exalted measure
Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure!
Who her joy in thee shall tell, 40
Who the sprightly note shall swell,
His voice attempt'ring to the tuneful shell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival yield:
Troubled he with sore dismay 46
To thy stronger fate gave way;
Safe beneath thy noble scorn
Wingy footed was he borne
Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden corn. 50

IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,
From thee shall lead the coming ages forth!
Crested helms and shining shields,
Warriours fam'd in foreign fields,
Hoary heads with olive bound, 55
Kings and lawgivers renown'd!



See with jocund looks they stand
 All in their trim array, and waiting for com
 VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
 Hope leads Increase and chaste Connubial
 Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
 Smelling gardens, painted meads;
 Ceres crowns the yellow plain,
 Pan rewards the shepherd's pain:
 All is plenty all is wealth,
 And on the balmy air sits rosy colour'd He
 I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
 Like many waters swells the pealing noise
 While to their monarch thus they raise th
 " Father of thy country! hail,
 " Always ev'ry where prevail:
 " Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
 " Better suns for thee arise,
 " Purer breezes fan the skies;
 " Earth in fruits and flow'rs is drest,
 " Joy abounds in ev'ry breast:
 " For thee thy people all, for thee the Year, is

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable sire,
 All richly in thy furry mantle clad,
 What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inf
 To make thy careful wrinkled brow so gla

II.

*Now I see the reason plain,
 Now I see thy jolly train;*

Snowy headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next succeeds,
Yellow Autumn brings the rear;
Thou art father of the Year. 10

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conscious fire exulting sees
The seasons spread their rich increase;
So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd 15
On beauteous Form their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliss thou dost supply!
The soul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing Year. 20
When our old pleasures die
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh fair-variety!

V.

Our passions like the seasons turn,
And now we laugh and now we mourn. 25
Britannia late oppress'd with dread
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better visage now she wears,
And now at once she quits her fears:
Strife and war no more she knows, 30
Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master
Security she sits, H 5

ODES.

A jocund looks they stand
Their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

Welcome train begins to move,
It leads Increase and chaste Connubial Love;
A sweet her bounty spreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
It crowns the yellow plain,
It rewards the shepherd's pain:
All is plenty all is wealth,
And on the balmy air fits rosy colour'd Health
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters swells the pealing noise,
While to their monarch thus they raise the
"Father of thy country! hail,
"Always ev'ry where prevail:
"Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
"Better suns for thee arise,
"Purer breezes fan the skies;
"Earth in fruits and flow'rs is drest,
"Joy abounds in ev'ry breast:
"For thee thy people all, for thee the Ye

ODE FOR THE NEW YE

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable fi
All richly in thy furry mantle clad
What thoughts of mirth can feeble
To make thy careful wrinkled br

II.

Now I see the reason plain,
Now I see thy jolly train;

ODES.

Winter leads,
Summer next succeeds,
And brings the rear :
End of the Year.

III.

The frosty mellow'd earth
Fertility takes her birth,
The fire exulting sees
The seed their rich increase ;
And Chaos smil'd
To form their lovely child.

IV.

And dost supply !
And forth the fair
The young Year.
The pleasures die
The bill is nigh ;

20

V.

The seasons turn,
And now we mourn.
We rest with dread
The drooping head :
The she wears,
The quits her fears :
The she knows,
The in foes.

25

30

VI.

The master

H ij

Plants her loose foundations faster,
And her sorrows pass forgets.

VII.

Happy Isle! the care of Heav'n,
To the guardian hero giv'n;
Untiring still obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Tho' he parted from thy shore
While contesting kings attend him,
Could he, Britain! give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU fairest sweetest daughter of the skies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring Peace!
With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus blifs!

II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along,
Hours and seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young.
Ever, Goddess! thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful Year,

III.

*In thee the night, in thee the day, is blest;
In thee the dearest of the purple east:*

mortal pleasures to impart,
 re, and raise the drooping heart :
 pe and tuneful string belong, 15
 ternal for the poet's song.

IV.

lden lyre,
 choir!
 te still higher,
 spire 20
 earth's desire.

V.

e sounds agree
 placency!
 it is all by thee,
 armony. 25

VI.

e's fairest creatures
 er heav'nly features ?
 son can fit her ?
 s, she is sweeter ;
 but Peace is better. 30
 her such as Jove
 versal love,
 and gods above ?
 ry feature trace,
 smiling grace ? 35
 ina's face.

VII.

re Britain's treasures,
 al pleasures ;

Still their bounty shall increase us,
 Still their smiling offspring blest us. 43
 Happy day when each was giv'n
 By Cæsar and indulging Heav'n!

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial Pair!
 Still let Britannia be your care,
 And Peace and Carolina crown the Year. 45

ODE FOR 'THE KING'S BIRTHDAY,

1718.

I.

On touch the string, celestial Muse! and say
 Why are peculiar times and seasons blest?
 Is it in fate that one distinguish'd day
 Should with more hallow'd purple paint the east?

II.

Look on life and nature's race, 5
 How the careless minutes pass;
 How they wear a common face;
 One is what another was
 Till the happy hero's worth
 Bid the festival stand forth, 10
 'Till the golden light he crown,
 'Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
 Unthought of as the things that never were,
 Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot, 15
 And call'd it from amongst the vulgar Year!

ODES.

91

IV.

Now Nature be gay
In the pride of thy May,
'To court let thy graces repair;
Let Flora bestow
The crown from her brow
For our brighter Ba

20

Thro' ev'ry langua
Far as the sea's or C
Let thankful nations
And bless the author of the world's repose.

25

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,
And Po that glides thro' poplar shades,
And Tagus bright in sands of gold,
And Arethusa, rivers old,
Their great deliv'rer sing;
Nor, Danube! thou, whose winding flood
So long has blush'd with Turkish blood,
'To Cæsar shall refuse a strain,

30

Since now thy streams without a stain
Run crystal as their spring.

35

CHORUS.

To mighty George that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe! raise:
In the great mediator's praise
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's festival be thine.

40

41

ODE TO THE THAMES,

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods! whom friendly stars ordain
 To fold alternate in thy winding train
 The lofty palace and the fertile vale,
 King of the Floods! Britannia's darling, hail!
 Hail with the Year so well begun,
 And bid his each revolving sun
 Taught by thy streams in smooth succession run.

II.

From thy never failing urn
 Flowers bloom, and fair increase
 With the seasons take their turn;
 From thy tributary seas
 Tides of various wealth attend thee;
 Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks to mate the skies
 Augusta's hallow'd domes arise,
 And there thy ample bosom pours
 Her num'rous souls and floating tow'rs,
 Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were known,
 And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain
 While thy banks confine thy course,
 Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

margin
Care its load discharging
Is lull'd to gentle rest :
Britain thus disarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
To sleep auspicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames! to feeding she
To thirst thy silver streams;
More sweet than all the praise
Of Cæsar's golden days :
Cæsar's praise is sweeter,
Britain's pleasure greater :
Still may Cæsar's reign excel ;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

Her dear Pnienis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Dissolving in his arms.

II.

Thus to themselves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant and all receive.

III.

Like the Twin Stars, so fam'd for friends,
Who set by turns and rise,
When one to 'Thetis' lap descends
His brother mounts the skies.

IV.

With happier fate and kinder care
These nymphs by turns do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising to sustain.

SONG. COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

To the Tune of Grim King of the Ghosts.

I.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream
 shepherd forsaken was laid,
 and while a false nymph was his theme
 willow supported his head.
 the wind that blew over the plain
 his sighs with a sigh did reply,
 the brook in return to his pain
 mournfully murmuring by.

4

II.

is! filly swain that I was!"
 sadly complaining he cry'd,
 when first I beheld that fair face
 ere better by far I had dy'd.
 talk'd and I blest'd the dear tongue,
 when she smil'd it was a pleasure too great;
 n'd, and cry'd when she sung
 ightingale ever so sweet!

8

12

III.

polish was I to believe
 old dote on so lowly a clown,
 her fond heart wou'd not grieve
 like the fine folk of the Town?
 that a beauty so gay
 and so constant would prove,
 d like our maidens in grey,
 a cottage on love?

16

20

24

IV.

- " What tho' I have skill to complain,
" Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd
" What tho' when they hear my soft strain
" The virgins sit weeping around?
" Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
" Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
" Thy false one inclines to a swain
" Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

V.

- " And you, my companions so dear,
" Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
" Whatever I suffer forbear,
" Forbear to accuse the false maid.
" Tho' thro' the wide world I should range
" 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
" 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
" 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

VI.

- " If while my hard fate I sustain
" In her breast any pity is found,
" Let her come with the nymphs of the place
" And see me laid low in the ground.
" The last humble boon that I crave
" Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
" And when she looks down on my grave
" Let her own that her shepherd was true.

VII.

- " Then to her new love let her go
" And deck her in golden array,
" Be sweetest at ev'ry fine show,

SONGS.

I frolick it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 More shall be talk'd of or scorn,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon
 A ghost shall glide over the green." 56

REPLY, BY ANOTHER.

I.

Winds! to whom Colin con-
 fides so sad and so sweet,
 Give me the shepherd but feigns
 Wretched to shew he has wit.
 Harder like Colin can move,
 This is some pretty new art:
 Colin is a juggler in love,
 Likes to play tricks with my heart. 8

II.

When he will he can sigh and look pale,
 And doleful and alter his face,
 Tremble and alter his tale;
 Colin has every grace. 11
 I willow my rover prefers
 The breast where he once begg'd to lie,
 And the streams that he swells with his tears
 To rivals belov'd more than I. 16

III.

My head my fond bosom wou'd bear,
 My heart wou'd soon beat him to rest;
 The swain that is slighted despair,
 Colin is only in jest. 20

No death the deceiver designs ;
Let the maid that is ruin'd despair ;
For Colin but dies in his linen,
And gives himself that modish air. 24

IV.

Can shepherds bred far from the court
So wittily talk of their flume ?
But Colin makes passion his sport ;
Beware of so fatal a game. 28
My voice of no musick can boast,
Nor my person of ought that is fine,
But Colin may find to his cost
A face that is fairer than mine. 32

V.

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I 'll bequeath all my sheep,
And die in the much favour'd brook
Where Colin does now sit and weep. 36
'Then mourn the sad fate that you gave
In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
Perhaps I may rise from my grave
To hear such soft musick as thine. 40

VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
The hearts-ease, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink. 44

How oft, my dear Swain ! did I swear
I how much my fond love did admire
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire.

VII.

Your sheephook you rul'd with such art
 That all your small subjects obey'd,
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid. 32
 How often, my Swain! have I said
 Thy arms are a palace to me,
 And how well I could live in a shade
 Tho' adorned with nothing but thee? 36

VIII.

Oh! what are the sparks of the Town
 Tho' never so fine and so gay?
 I freely wou'd leave beds of down
 For thy breast on a bed of new hay. 60
 Then, Colin! return once again,
 Again make me happy in love;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove. 64

SONG

FOR THE KING'S BIRTHDAY, MAY 28, 1716.

I.

Lay thy flow'ry garlands by
 Ever-blooming gentle May!
 Other honours now are nigh,
 Other honours see we pay:
 Lay thy flow'ry garlands by, &c. 5

II.

Majesty and great Renown
 Wait thy beamy brow to crown.

III.

Call thy better blessings forth
For the honour of his birth;
Still the voice of loud Commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs cease,
Lay the billows of the ocean,
And compose the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May!
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee resign his place;
'Thou shalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee shall pass.

Than thy golden hair
And her smiling offspring sweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

29

SONG

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A SOLE HEIR.

I.

When on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And blest their light divine,
I stand confounded with amaze
To think on what they shine.

4

II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence,
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

8

III.

Ah Willow, Willow!

Poor Colin sat weeping and told them his pain

Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow!

II.

Sweet Stream! he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to

Ah Willow! &c.

And the waters shall rise to the brink with my

Ah Willow! &c.

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,

Ah Willow! &c.

And counts the sad moments of time as it flies,

Ah Willow! &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves ye soft slumbers

Ah Willow! &c.

Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make

Ah Willow! &c.

So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,
Ah Willow! *Uc.* 24

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
Ah Willow! *Uc.*
If the loss of my dear one, my love, is decreed,
Ah Willow! *Uc.* 28

VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd,
Ah Willow! *Uc.*
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard,
Ah Willow! *Uc.* 32

IX.

Believe me, thou fair one! thou dear one! believe,
Ah Willow! *Uc.*
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears, will I give,
Ah Willow! *Uc.* 36

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,
Ah Willow! *Uc.*
And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side,
Ah Willow! *Uc.* 40

XI.

'Then run, gentle Brook! and to lose thyself haste,
Ah Willow, Willow!
Fade thou too, my Willow! this verse is my last,
Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow! 44

TO THE SAME SINGING.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To soften ev'ry pain!

How do we catch the healing sound
And feel the soothing strain!

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair!

I hid my heart rejoice;

I shake off ev'ry sullen care,

For sorrow flies thy voice.

The seasons Philomel obey

Where'er they hear her sing;

She bids the winter fly away,

And she recalls the spring.

SONG. THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,

And doted on ev'ry feature,

Give me at length but leave to complain

Of so ungrateful a creature.

Tho' I beheld in your wandering eyes

The wanton symptoms of ranging,

Still I resolv'd against being wise,

And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

SHE. Why should you blame what Heav'n has made,

Or find any fault in creation?

'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid

But Nature's inclination.

'Tis not because I love you less,

Or think you not a true one,

But if the truth I must confess

I always lov'd a new one.

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

A COMEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE,

As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

Ye humble wives that drag the marriage chain
With curst dogged husbands may complain,
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may at least for alimony sue.
Know we resolve to make the case our own 3
Between the plaintiff Stage and the defendant Town.
When first you took us from our father's house,
And lovingly our int'rest did espouse,
You kept us fine, caress'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year : 10
At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste ;
And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to respect,
Sometimes indeed, as in your way it fell, 15
You stopp'd and call'd to see if we were well :
Now quite estrang'd this wretched place you shun,
Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun,
Have we for this incest's'd Apollo's race,
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace, 20
And borne you many chopping babes of grace ? }
Some ugly toads we had, and that is the curse ;
'They were so like you that you fear'd the worse :

For this to-night we are not much in pain;
 Look on it, and if you like it entertain: 25
 If all the midwife says of it be true
 There are some features too like some of you;
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it
 We mean to run away and let the parish take it. 29

PROLOGUE TO THE NONJUROR.

A COMEDY BY MR. CIBBER,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILES.

To-night, ye Whigs and Tories! both be safe,
 Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
 We mean to fouse old Satan and the Pope;
 They 've no relations here nor friends we hope.
 A tool of theirs supplies the comick stage 5
 With just materials for satirick rage;
 Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Nonjuring separation faint.
 Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the nation to the devil, 10
 Who at our surest best foundation strike,
 And hate our monarch and our church alike;
 Our church—which aw'd with reverential fear
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here:
 Long may she these her worst of foes defy, 15
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky!
 While theirs——but satire silently disdains
 To name what lives not but in madmens' brains.

.....
f, since a land of liberty they hate,
will they linger in this freeborn state?
e ev'ry hour fresh hateful objects rise;
e and prosperity afflict their eyes;
h anguish prince and people they survey, 30
ir just obedience and his righteous sway.
off, ye Slaves! and seek some passive land
ere tyrants after your own hearts command;
your Transalpine master's rule resort,
l fill an empty abdicated court: 35
n your possessions here to ready rhino,
l buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino. 37

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT.

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY BY MR. FARQUHAR,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original * to-day
We took the hint of this our modern play:
Our author from his lines has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free, gallant,
With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove, }
With language and with softness fram'd to move, }
With little truth, but with a world of love. }
Such forms on maids in morning-slumbers wait, }
When fancy first instructs their hearts to heat, }
When first they wish and sigh for what they know }
not yet. } 10

Frown not, ye Fair! to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise;
There is danger still in darkness and surprise:
Tho' from his rampart he defy'd the foe 15
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With easy freedom and a gay address
A pressing lover seldom wants success,
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down
And wastes a ten years siege before one town. 20

* See *The Wildgoosechase*.

EPILOGUES.

own sake let no forsaken maid
 derer for want of love upbraid,
 a secret none should e'er confess
 y have lost the happy pow'r to please,
 peest the rogue inclin'd to break,
 st, and swear you've turn'd him off a wheel
 es when they resty state
 ey can surrender turn the
 you think grave uses make,
 ev'n for inconstancy be laid.
 good man for marriage rites design'd
 dious care and diligence of mind
 or ev'ry page of womankind,
 'ry sense and how the readings vary,
 he knows the worst on't--let him marry. 35

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

*at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 7th April 1709,
 playing in Love for Love with Mrs. Brace-
 for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.*

brave knight who once with spear and shield
 ht renown in many a wellfought field,
 no more with sacred fame inspir'd
 peaceful hermitage retir'd,
 by chance disastrous tales he hears
 ns' wrongs and captive virgins' tears,
 ost pity urge his gen'rous breast,
 once more to succour the distressed,

Buckled in mail he sallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again : 10

So we, to former leagues of friendship true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu, }
To aid old Thomas and to pleasure you:
Like errant damsels boldly we engage,
Arm'd as you see for the defenceless stage. 15

Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And scorn'd that any she should hold his back;
But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two* at once he is forc'd to be sustain'd.
You see what failing Nature brings man to, 20 }
And yet let none insult; for ought we know
She may not wear so well with some of you.
Tho' old you find his strength is not clean past,
But true as steel he is metal to the last.

If better he perform'd in days of yore 25 }
Yet now he gives you all that is in his pow'r;
What can the youngest of you all do more? }

What he has been, tho' present praise be dumb, }
Shall happ'ly be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius and of Rome. 30 }

Had you withheld your favours on this night
Old Shakespeare's ghost had ris'n to do him right;
With indignation had you seen him frown
Upon a worthless, witlefs, tasteless, Town;
Griev'd and repining you had heard him say 35 }

Why are the Muse's labours cast away?

Why did I write what only he could play?

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasped round the poet.

But since like friends to Wit thus throng'd you meet,
 Go on and make the gen'rous work complete;
 Be true to merit, and still own his cause; 40
 Find something for him more than bare applause.
 In just remembrance of your pleasures past
 Be kind, and give him a discharge at last.
 In peace and ease life's rest 45
 And hang his consecrated

EPILOGUE TO

GIFT,

A TRAGEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—it was a narrow 'scape my lover made;
 That cup and message—I was fore afraid—
 Was that a present for a new made widow,
 All in her dismal dumps like doleful Dido?
 When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
 There was—oh Gad! a nasty heart and blood†. 6
 If the old man had shewn himself a father
 His bowl should have enclos'd a cordial rather,
 Something to cheer me up amidſt my trance,
L'Eau de Bardè—or comfortable Nantz‡! 10

* Pointing to the top of the stage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the story of Segismund and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's novels, wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter as a present.

‡ i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

K ij

He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And to be witty cry'd he 'd send the heart,
I could have told his gravity moreover,
Were I our sci's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover. 15
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride;
So he make good the jewels and the jointure
To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
Faith for the fustian hearts of late are made in 20
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found
With hearts of oak so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to Mother Church and state, 25
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon' trim King Popin at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul insurers,
The Tyburn tribe of speech-making Nonjurors,
Who in newfangled terms old truths explaining 30
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning!

Oh! would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore,
What surer pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear pledge * your monarch left behind? 35
See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plaindealing written in his face.

* The Prince of Wales then present.

IMITATIONS, &c.

THE GOLDEN VERSES
OF PYTHAGORAS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I Hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses, which it would have been any kind of turn in English to have given. The sense of the author is I hope preserved; and if there seems in some places any deviation from the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as maybe justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find; how far I am in the right is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this and first of laws obey;
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth and to the stars prefer'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.

Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To ev'ry wise to ev'ry pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred show.
For what concerns the rest of humankind
Chuse out the man to virtue best inclin'd,
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possess'd of such a friend preserve him still,
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear;
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent pow'rs,
Rouses and urges on the lazy heart,
Force to itself unknown before t' exert.
By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage.
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others and thyself alike beware:
Let rev'rence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul;
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide;
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,

When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
 Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
 And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
 For wealth, the perishing uncertain good,
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
 That knows no sure no fix'd abiding place,
 But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to pass,
 Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
 And think if it be worth
 Of all those sorrows that
 With patience bear the
 Nor think it chance, nor
 For know what man cal
 In what thou mayst from Wisdom seek relief,
 And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;
 Yet still whate'er the right'ous doom ordains,
 What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
 Let not those pains as ills be understood,
 For God delights not to afflict the good.
 The reas'ning art to various ends apply'd
 Is oft' a sure but oft' an erring guide;
 Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
 Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve.
 The dazzling pomp of words does oft' deceive,
 And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
 When fools and liars labour to persuade
 Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
 This above all, this precept, chiefly learn,
 This nearly does and first thyself concern;

Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
 Prevail upon thee with a Siren's song
 To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
 Of good and ill by words or deeds express
 Chuse for thyself, and always chuse the best.

70

Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
 And ponder on thy task before begun,
 Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
 And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
 Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,
 Act without thought, and thoughtless words they
 But thou in all thou dost with early cares [waste:
 Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs,
 That sorrow on the end may never wait,
 Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.

75

80

Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try
 That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie,
 But seek to know and bend thy serious thought
 To search the profitable knowledge out;
 So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
 Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
 Thy life with pleasure and thy end with peace.

85

Nor let the body want its part, but share
 A just proportion of thy tender care:
 For health and welfare prudently provide,
 And let its lawful wants be all supply'd;

90

Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
 Decaying nature's wasted force repair,
 And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
 'n all things still which to this care belong
 Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.

95

By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
Manly, and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye. 100

Seek not in needless luxury to waste
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste :
Yet flying these, be watchful lest thy mind
Prone to extremes an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd : 105

Distant alike from each to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
* Let not the stealing god of Sleep surprise, 110

Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere ev'ry action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With rev'rence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand, 115

Where have I been ? in what have I transgress'd ?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd ?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do ?
In what to God, to man, or to myself, I owe ?
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last 120

From morning's dawn till ev'ning's gloom has past.
If evil were thy deeds repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn :

If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say, 125

" Rejoice, my Heart ! for all went well to-day !"

These thoughts, and chiefly these, thy *mind should*
Employ thy study and engage thy love. [move,

These are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heav'nly paths to tread; 130
This by his name I swear whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystick Four,
Source of eternal Nature and almighty pow'r. }

In all thou dost first let thy pray'rs ascend, 134
And to thy gods thy labours first commend; [end:
From them implore success, and hope a prosp'rous }
So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
And Wisdom in her secret ways explore;
To range thro' heav'n above and earth below
Immortal gods and mortal men to know: 140
So shalt thou learn what pow'r does all control,
What bounds the parts and what unites the whole,
And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame
How universal Nature is the same :

So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place 145
On hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man! thou shalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himself the inborn cause of wo.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell

How near their good and happiness they dwell. 150

Depriv'd of sense they neither hear nor see;

Fetter'd in vice they seek not to be free;

But stupid to their own sad fate agree;

Like pond'rous rolling-stones oppress'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will; 156 }

Wouldst thou, great
Reveal the demon for that task assigned,
Whom race an end of woes would find.

The wretched race an end of woes art,
And yet he bold, O Man! divine thou art,
Thou gods' celestial essence part;

And yet he bold, O Man! divine thou
And of the gods' celestial essence part;
And nature is from thee conceal'd

And of the gods' celestial essence part
Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her mystick rules reveal'd:
— know thou happily attain

But to thy race her myttick race
These if to know thou happily attain
Thou shalt perfect be in all that

These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain,
And led foul to health thou shalt restore.

Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore, 170
From ev'ry pain she felt before.

Thy wounded soul to health thou
And free from ev'ry pain the felt before.

Abſtain I warn from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, ſo free thy ſoul,
That thy Judge, thy reaſon ſo maintain,
That thy Guide, thy reaſon ſo maintain,

Abstain I warn from meats unclean,
So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul,
And keep thy mind, thy reason so maintain

So keep thy body pure, so free thy
So rightly judge, thy reason so maintain,
Which Heav'n did for thy guide ordain.

So keep thy body pure,
So rightly judge, thy reason so maintain;
Reason which Heav'n did for thy guide ordain;
Reason ever hold the rein.

Reason which Heav'n did for thy good
Let that best reason ever hold the rein.
And thy rebellious body thou forsake

Let that best reason ever hold the
body thou forfake,

ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
a Phocæ: prius insolentem
Briseis niveo colore
Achillem.

II.

vit Ajacem, Telamone natum,
ma captivæ dominum Tecmessa:
sit Atrides medio in triumpho
argine raptâ:

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Theffalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

IV.

Nescias, en te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certè genus, et Penates
Mœret iniquos.

V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam: neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro averfam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia et vultum, teretesque furas
Integer laudo: fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

24

HOR. B. II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

Do not, most fragrant, disclaim
Thy bright thy reputation
To Bracegirdle the h
But publickly espouse the dame,
And say G—— d—— the Town.

5

II.

Full many heroes fierce and keen
With drabs have deeply smitten been
Altho' right good commanders,
Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
And some who've been in Flanders.

10

III.

Did not base Greber's Pegg * inflame
The sober Earl of Nottingham,
Of sober fire descended?
That careless of his soul and fame
To playhouses he nightly came
And left church undefended.

16

* Signora Francesco Marguareta de l' Epine, an Italian song-
stress.

LOVES MISFORTUNE, &c.
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

V.

Tho' thy dear's father kept an inn
At grisly Head of Saracen
For carriers at Northampton,
Yet she might come of gentler kin
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which she with scorn rejected;
And can a nymph so virtuous be
Of base born blood suspected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek and roguish eye,
Her slender waist and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;

HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

AD LYDIAM.

HOR.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam, potior brachia candidæ
 Cervici juvenis dabat,
 Persarum vigui Rege beatior.

4

LYD. Donec non alia magis
 Arsis, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

8

HOR. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
 Dulces docta modos, et Citharæ sciens :
 Pro qua non metuum mori,
 Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

12

LYD. Me torret face mutuâ
 Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi :
 Pro quo bis patiar mori
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

16

HOR. Quid, si prisca redit Venus?
 Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
 Si flava excutitur Chloë,
 Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

20

LYD. Quanquam fidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
 Iracundior Adriâ,
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

24

L ij

TONSON: My dear captain

WHILE at my house in Fleetstreet once you'd
How merrily, dear Sir! time pass'd away?

While "I partook your wine, your wit, and m
"I was the happiest creature on God's yearth

CON. While in your early days of reputation
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not use (as now your trade i
To drink with noble lords and toast their ladies
'Thou, Jacob Tonson! wert to my conceiving
The cheerfullest, best, honestest, fellow living.

TON. I'm in with Captain Vanbrug at the pre
A most sweet natur'd gentleman and pleasant!
He writes your comedies, draws schemes and mo
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills;
For him so much I dote on him that I

TON. What if from Van's dear arms I should retire
And once more warm my bunnians † at your fire?

If I to Bowstreet should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve! would you come? }

CON. Tho' the gay sailor and the gentle knight 26
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Tho' civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing bear,
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob! with only you. 31

HOR. LIB. III. ODE XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

I.
ONATA mecum Consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, five geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum: 4

II.

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die:
Descende, Corvino jubente,
Promere languidiora vina. 8

III.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus:

† Jacob's term for his corm.

Plerumque duro : tu sapientium
Curas, et arcanum jocosum
Consilium retegis Lyæo.

V.

Tu sperem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Viresque, et addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

VI.

Te Liber, et, si læta aderit Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE

TO HIS CASK.

II.

Since to some day propitious and great
 Justly at first thou was design'd by Fate, 10
 This day, the happiest of thy many years,
 With thee I will forget my cares;
 To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
 (Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
 And longer age would bring decay) 15
 Till ev'ry anxious thought in the rich stream be

III.

[drown'd.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
 And Socrates himself a while forget.
 Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
 The rugged stiffness of his mind, 20
 Stern and severe the Stoick quaff'd his bowl,
 His frozen virtue felt the charm,
 And soon grew pleas'd and soon grew warm, [soul.
 And blest'd the sprightly pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy

IV.

With kind constraint illnature thou dost bend, 25
 And mould the snarling Cynick to a friend:
 The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee, }
 And by thy pow'r unlock'd grows easy, gay, and free. }
 The swain who did some cred'lous nymph persuade
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee 30
 Devotes her to his vanity,
 And to his fellow sops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who press'd beneath a load of cares,
 And lab'ring with continual woes despair,

If thy kind voice his sleeping sense
 From earth heaving his drooping head;
 Reviv'd by thee he ceases now to mourn;
 His flying cares give way to haste,
 And to the god resign his breast,
 Where hopes of better days and better things re-

VI.

The lab'ring hind who with hard toll and pain
 Amidst his wants a wretched life maintains,
 If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
 Hot with thy fires and bolder grown,
 Of kings and of their arbitrary pow'r,
 And how by impious arms they reign;
 Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
 And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch, no more

VII.

Fair queen of Love, and thou great god of Win
 Hear ev'ry Grace and all ye Pow'rs divine,
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline!
 Crown this auspicious Cask and happy night
 With all things that can give delight;
 Be ev'ry care and anxious thought away!
 Ye Tapers! still be bright and clear,
 Rival the moon and each pale star;
 Your beams shall yield to none but his who brin

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA Venus diu,
Rursus bella moves: Parce, precor, precor.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
 Sub regno Cynaræ : desine dulcium
 Mater sæva Cupidinum, 5
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam duram imperiis : abi
 Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces,
 Tempestivius in domo
 Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus, 10
 Commessabere Maximi,
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum,
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non facitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium, 15
 Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ,
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
 Albanos prope, te, lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe Citræ, 20
 Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura, lyraeque, et Berecynthiæ
 Delectabere tibiæ
 Missis carminibus, non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die 25
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In morem Salium ter quatiunt humum.
 Me nec femina, nec puer
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui, 30
 Nec certare juvat mero,
 Nec vincere novis temporibus.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS,

ONCE more the queen of Love invades my breast,
 Late with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the wretch that still has been thy slave, }
 And let my former service have
 The merit to protect me to the grave. 5 }
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under Cynera the good and fair
 With joy I did thy fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.
 Stiff, and unequal to the labour now, 10
 With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why }
 Dost thou not much rather fly }
 To youthful breasts, to mirth and gayety?
 Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand, 15
 And swiftly thro' the yielding air
 To Damon thee their goddess bear,
 Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.

Noble and graceful, witty, gay and young
 Joy in his heart, love on his charming
 Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing art
 With wondrous force the youth impart
 Thy pow'r to unexperienc'd virgins' hearts
 Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy
 And if thou shalt his wishes bless
 Beyond his rivals with success,
 In gold and marble shall thy statue stand
 Beneath the sacred in
 Or on the banks of O
 With od'rous beams a
 For ever sacred to thy
 Till the fair stream, and wood, and

20
 }
 and;
 25

30
 }
 self, decays.

There while rich incense on thy altar burns
 Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains, 34
 In melting soft harmonious strains, [turns.
 Mix'd with the softer flutes, shall tell their flames by
 As Love and Beauty with the light are born,
 So with the day thy honours shall return.
 Some lovely youth pair'd with a blushing maid
 A troop of either sex shall lead 40
 And twice the Salian measures round thy altars tread.
 Thus with an equal empire o'er the light
 The queen of Love and god of Wit
 Together rise, together sit:
 But, Goddess! do thou stay and bless alone the night;
 There mayst thou reign while I forget to love; 46
 No more false beauty shall my passion move,

IMITATIONS.

er shall my fond believing heart be led,
 mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
 hope for truth from the protesting maid.
 With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled;
 the roses too shall wither now
 That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
 And round my cheerful temples fragrant odour
 But tell me, Cynthia! say, bewitching Fair!
 What mean these sighs? why steals this fallin'
 And when my struggling thoughts for passage fight
 Why did my tongue refuse to move?
 Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
 Still with the night my dreams my griefs re-
 Still she is present to my eyes,
 And still in vain I as she flies
 O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scorn

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. I

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALBI, nostrorum sermonum candide jud
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pe-
 Scribere quod Cossî Parmensis opuscula
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres
 Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bo
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tib
 Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fru
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alo
 Quam sapere, et fari ut possit quæ se
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat at

Annona deficiente crumena?
 Atque, timores inter et iras,
 Nec tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Est, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
 Nitidum bene curata cæte viles,
 Et Epicuri de grege porcum. 16

E, BOOK I. EPIST. IV. .

IMITATED.

RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ †.

Whom doubly to my heart commend
 For candour of a friend,
 Who dost in thy retirement find
 The hours of thy active mind?
 That Magick Muse inspires thy thought 5
 That moving Otway wrote,
 The covert of some grove
 Thy thoughts do from the world remove,
 If thou all those rules dost show
 How ought to practise or wise know? 10
 For a man is no dull clay,
 But drest with the celestial ray.
 The gods, to thee completely kind,
 Have clos'd thy fairer mind,
 Which did profusely wealth bestow 15
 For the true use of wealth to know.
 Thy nurse wish for her darling boy
 Which thou dost not enjoy?
 The duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

M

What can her fond ambition ask beyond
 A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd,
 'To this fair speech and happy utt'rance join'd,
 'T' unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
 And make the blessing common to mankind?
 On these let health and reputation wait,
 'The favour of the virtuous and the great;
 A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to riot and to need;
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.
 Amidst uncertain hopes and anxious cares,
 Tumultuous strife and miserable fears,
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
 And let each day be to thee as thy last.
 That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise
 Whose light shall unexpected bless thy eyes.
 Me when to Town in winter you repair
 Batt'ning in ease you 'll find sleek, fresh, and fair;
 Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore
 'To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
 Whom ev'ry Friday at The Vine † you 'll find,
 His true disciple and your faithful friend.

THE STORY

OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA,

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph, the fair assembly broke,
 The seagreen Nereids to the waves betook,

† A tavern in Long-Acre.

While Scylla fearful of the wide-spread main
 Swift to the safer shore returns again;
 'There o'er the sandy margin unarray'd 5
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid,
 Or in some winding creek's secure retreat [heat.
 She bathes her weary limbs and shuns the noonday's
 Her Glaucus saw as o'er the deep he rode,
 New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god: 10
 He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love;
 With many an artful blandishment he strove
 Her slight to hinder and her fears remove. }
 'The more he sues the more she wings her flight,
 And nimbly gains a neighb'ring mountain's height.
 Steep shelving to the margin of the flood 15
 A neighb'ring mountain bare and woodless stood;
 Here by the place secur'd her steps she stay'd,
 And trembling still her lover's form survey'd.
 His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appal, 20
 And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall;
 She sees his face divine and manly brow
 End in a fish's wreathy tail below:
 She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind
 Whether he comes of god or monster kind. 25
 'This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and "Oh! forbear,
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near) [fear;
 "Forbear," he cry'd, "fond Maid! this needless }
 "Nor fish am I nor monster of the main,
 "But equal with the wat'ry gods I reign; 30
 "Nor Proteus nor Palemon me excel,
 "Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.

- " My birth it is true I owe to mortal race,
 " And I myself but late a mortal was;
 " Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd; 35
 " The seas my hours and all my cares employ'd,
 " In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew,
 " Now skilfully the slender line I threw,
 " And silent sat the moving float to view. }
 " Not far from shore there lies a verdant mead 40
 " With herbage half and half with water spread;
 " There nor the horned heifers browsing stray
 " Nor shaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play;
 " There nor the sounding bees their nectar cull
 " Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull, 45
 " Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
 " To crop the flow'rs or cut the bushy grass:
 " Thither sure first of living race came I,
 " And sat by chance my dropping nets to dry:
 " My scaly prize in order all display'd, 50
 " By number on the greenfword there I laid,
 " My captives whom or in my nets I took
 " Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
 " Strange to behold! yet what avails a lie?
 " I saw them bite the grass as I sat by, 55
 " Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain
 " They spread their fins as in their native main.
 " I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey
 " Left their new master and regain'd the sea.
 " Amaz'd, within my secret self I fought 60
 " What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:

- " But sure no herbs have pow'r like this, I cry'd,
 " And straight I pluck'd some neighb'ring herbs and
 " try'd.
 " Scarce had I bit and prov'd the wondrous taste
 " When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast;
 " I felt my heart grow fond of something strange, 66
 " And my whole nature lab'ring with a change.
 " Restless I grew, and ev'ry place forsook,
 " And still upon the seas I bent my look.
 " Farewell for ever, fare 70
 " And plung'd amidst the ing head.
 " The gentle pow'rs wh re keep
 " Receiv'd me as a brot ,
 " To Tethys and to Ocean old they pray
 " To purge my mortal earthy parts away: 75
 " The wat'ry parents to their suit agreed,
 " And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
 " Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
 " And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams;
 " A hundred streams from various fountains run, 80
 " And on my head at once come rushing down.
 " Thus far each passage I remember well,
 " And faithfully thus far the tale I tell, }
 " But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell. }
 " Again at length my thought reviving came 85
 " When I no longer found myself the same;
 " Then first this seagreen beard I felt to grow,
 " And these large honours on my spreading brow;
 " My long descending locks the billows sweep, 89
 " And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep;

CONTENTS.

The Life of the Author,	Page 5
RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.	
Poem on the Death of Mr. Rowe, by Mr. An- hurst,	26
To the Memory of Nicholas Rowe, Esq. by Mr. Beckingham,	30
A Pastoral to the honoured Memory of Mr. Rowe, by Mrs. Centlivre,	34
An Ode sacred to the Memory of N. Rowe, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Newcomb,	38

MISCELLANIES.

Unio,	49
The Union,	49
Mæcenæ, Verses to the Earl of Halifax,	50
Verses made to a Simile of Pope's,	51
On Nicolini and Valentini's first coming to the House in the Hay-Market,	46
A Poem on the late glorious Successes, &c. hum- bly inscribed to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin,	52
Occasioned by his first Visit to Lady Warwick at Holland House,	68
The Visit,	69
The Contented Shepherd. To Mrs. A—D—	70

EPISTLES.

An Epistle to Flavia, on the sight of two Pindarick Odes on the Spleen and Vanity, &c.	72
Stanzas to Lady Warwick, on Mr. Addison's go- ing to Ireland,	73
To Lord Warwick, on his Birthday,	

CONTENTS.

To Lady Jane Wharton, on her studying the Globe,
To Mrs. Pulteney, upon her going abroad,

EPIGRAMS.

Epigram on a Lady who shed her Water on seeing
the Tragedy of Cato, &c.
The same imitated in Latin,
Epigram to the two new Members for Bramber,
1708,
Epigram on the Prince of Wales, then Regent, ap-
pearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716,

ODES.

Ode for the New Year 1716,
Ode for the New Year 1717,
Ode to Peace, for the Year 1718,
Ode for the King's Birthday, 1718,
Ode to the Thames, for the Year 1719,

SONGS.

Song. A Game at Flats,
Ditto, Colin's Complaint,
Reply by another hand,
Song for the King's Birthday, May 28, 1716.
Song on a fine Woman who had a dull Husband, 1
Song. Ah, Willow! To Mrs. A——D—— in her
Sickness, 1
To the same singing, 2
Song. The fair Inconstant, 1

PROLOGUES.

Prologue to The Gamester, a Comedy by Mrs.
Centlivre, 1
Prologue to The Nonjuror, a Comedy by Mr. Cib-
ber, 1

Epilogue spoken by
Epilogue to The Cruel Gift, a Tragedy,
Centlivre,

IMITATIONS, &c.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras,
Hor. Lib. II. Ode IV. Ad Xanthium,
Hor. Book II. Ode IV. imitated,
Hor. Lib. III. Ode IX. Ad Lydiam,
The Reconciliation between Jacob and
Mr. Congreve. An Imitation of Hor. I
Ode IX.
Hor. Lib. III. Ode XXI. Ad Amphoram,
Hor. Book III. Ode XXI. To his Cask,
Hor. Lib. IV. Ode I. Ad Venerem,
Hor. Book IV. Ode I. To Venus,
Hor. Lib. I. Epist. IV. Ad Albium Tibu
Hor. Book I. Epist. IV. imitated,
The Story of Glaucus and Scylla, from O
On Contentment, from the Latin of J. C
On the last Judgment, &c. from ditto,

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Octr. 20. 1781.

THE END.



